The Outlook

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CONTENTS

THE WEEK:

Aguinaldo's Capture 743a
The Nebraska Deadlock Broken 744a
The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty 745a
A Miners' Strike Avoided 746a
Freedom of Teaching 747
Industrial Betterment 748
Brothels in Tenement-Houses 748
The "Congregationalist" 749
Congress of the Disciples 749
Russia's Finance Minister 750
Chinese Territorial Integrity 750
J. C. Cazin 751
Relics as Fire Extinguishers 751

EDITORIALS:

The Cuban Question 752
The Direct Primary Victory in Wisconsin 756
Will Japan Fight Russia? 756
The Joy of Immortality 759

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

Russia and the Student Riots 760
By P. Kropotkin
Andrew Carnegie: Portrait and Sketch .. 765
The Making of an American: An Autobiography. Chapter III.—I Go to War at Last 767
By Jacob A. Riis
Miniature Painting 774
By W. G. Bowdoin
William Woodville Rockhill: Portrait and Sketch 783
True Blue: An Irish Story 784
By Shan F. Bullock
Valley Forge as a National Park 787
By Edward W. Hocker
Eugene A. Philbin: Portrait and Sketch 795
Little Journeys from Paris 796
By E. C. Peixotto
By Diligencia to Granada 802
By Thomas R. Dawley
The Rights of Man: A Study in Twentieth Century Problems. I.—The Conflict of the Centuries 810
By Lyman Abbott
Four Island Capitals: San Juan 815
By Mrs. Guy V. Henry
Professor M. I. Pupin: Portrait and Sketch 826
Wilderness Night (Poem) 828
By William J. Long

BOOKS AND AUTHORS:

Memoirs of the Civil War (Cox) 827
Books of the Week 829
NOTES AND QUERIES 834

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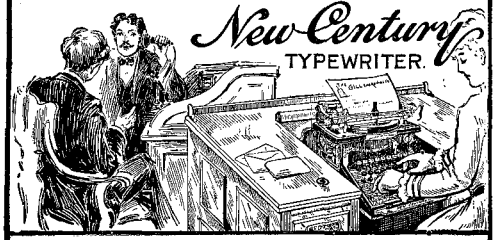

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The Outlook

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Aguinaldo's Capture The most dramatic event of the year in the Philippines was the capture of Aguinaldo by General Funston, assisted by four American officers, four former insurgent officers (one a Spaniard, three Tagalogs) who had made their peace with the Americans some time ago, and seventy-five or more Macabebe scouts. Aguinaldo, it had been found from intercepted letters, was in northern Luzon, at Palanan, not very many miles from Baler. General Funston's party was secretly taken by the gunboat Vicksburg northward along the coast to a point twenty-five miles north of a place called Casiguran, a town favorable to the insurgents, and one which had never been occupied by American troops. Here the plot began to be worked out. The ex-insurgent officers, ostensibly commanding the party, announced that they were on the way to join Aguinaldo between Pautobagan and Baler, that they had surprised an American surveying party, and that they had killed a number, capturing five. They exhibited General Funston and the other Americans as their prisoners. The story was believed, word was sent to Aguinaldo, and guides were furnished. A rough, trying ninety miles' march over mountains, through jungles, and across swift rivers followed, and when the party was within eight miles of Aguinaldo's camp they were so weak that they had to rest and send to their enemy's camp for supplies, which were promptly furnished. With the supplies came special orders from Aguinaldo that the American officers were to be treated kindly. On March 23 the party arrived at Palanan; the Tagalogs went forward and greeted their former comrades, and when suspicion arose at the arrival of the Americans (who, by Aguinaldo's orders, were not to be brought to his quarters at once) it was too late to escape. The Macabebes attacked the household guard; Aguinaldo was seized by the Tagalogs, who had entered his house, and, after a short struggle, the insurgent leader and his chief of staff were prisoners, some of the insurgents were wounded, the rest made their escape, and, without any loss on the American side, the expedition marched sixteen miles to Palanan Bay, where the Vicksburg was awaiting them. The co-operation of the navy through this gunboat was well timed, and alone made the feat of "strategic warfare" possible. General Funston secured Aguinaldo's correspondence, which is said to show that he had kept in close touch with the sub-chiefs of the insurrection throughout the archipelago. The chief means in deceiving Aguinaldo and his officers was a forged letter purporting to be from General Lacuna, describing the supposed capture of the American officers. The general impression in this country that the capture of Aguinaldo will expedite the collapse of the resistance to America is not shared by Sixto Lopez, now in this country, nor by Agoncillo, the Filipino representative at Paris. The latter, when asked what the effect of the capture would be, said: "None, except the loss of a true patriot and a clever general. But the feeling of the Philippine people and their determination to fight out the struggle for independence will remain unshaken. I received a cable despatch only yesterday which convinced me that the Philippine leaders have not modified their persistent attitude regarding the continuance of the war. Whatever disaffections may have taken place in favor of the Americans, the Philippine people as a whole are resolved to accept nothing short of independence." Some important surrenders since Aguinaldo's capture have

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taken place, which tend rather to confirm the American view than that of these two Filipino exiles.

❀

Deceit in War

The capture of Aguinaldo has been greatly praised by the many and severely criticised by the few. It unquestionably shows in General Funston originality in device, fertility in resource, and great vigor and courage in execution, all of which are highly praiseworthy military qualities. But the capture was accomplished by deception, falsehood, and what in commercial life would be called forgery. It is this fact which arouses the indignation of some critics. The most serious objection to war is not the suffering which it entails, but the change in moral standards which it involves. As in detective service deception and falsehood are deemed legitimate for the capture of criminals, so in war for the capture of an enemy. Without discussing here whether it is legitimate to depart from the ethical standards which control in civil life, it must suffice to say that the code of war was not violated by the capture of Aguinaldo. The only suggestion of such violation is in the employment of Filipinos to accomplish the capture. To bribe members of an enemy's force to betray their cause is not honorable warfare, but there is no evidence that this was done in the present case. The candid reader must remember that there have been two parties in the Philippines—Americanos and anti-Americanos—and that as the war has progressed and the futility of resistance to American sovereignty has become clear, the former party has been increased, and recently rapidly increased, by desertions from the latter party. There is nothing to indicate that the Filipinos who accompanied General Funston were directly or indirectly bribed to leave their late associates for this enterprise. They were apparently "Americanos," who believed themselves fighting for the best interests of their country because they were fighting for American supremacy. Those Americans who believe, as The Outlook does, that the best interests of the Philippines will be secured by American supremacy, certainly will not be inclined to find fault with these pro-American Filipinos for sharing the same opinion and acting upon it in what they believed was for the interest of their own land.

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How to Treat Aguinaldo

Any discussion by the press as to what shall be done with Aguinaldo is premature. The country knows of no reason for charging him with other than a political offense, and the country is not in the habit of visiting penalties upon offenses which are purely political. There is, therefore, no question of punishing Aguinaldo for the past; the Government has simply to consider the welfare of the Philippine Islands for the future. What the interest of the Philippine Islands requires respecting Aguinaldo depends upon his character and his future conduct. If he is either the shifty adventurer that some have represented him to be, or the inveterate revolutionist, determined to die rather than to surrender independence, that others have represented him to be, the American Government will have no option but to keep him in custody until all peril from his influence shall have passed away. If, on the other hand, Aguinaldo is convinced, as most of his associates are now convinced, that further resistance to American sovereignty is useless and in the interest of his own land should cease, and if he takes the oath of allegiance in good faith and can be trusted to keep it, there is no reason why he should not be released on his parole, or temporarily kept under surveillance with large degree of liberty, and his influence used in further securing the pacification of the islands. But, in our judgment, it would be a great mistake to appoint him at present to any office of trust or confidence. If this were done, the inevitable result would be suspicion that his influence in favor of America had been purchased by the office—a suspicion which would dishonor both him and the American people.

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The Nebraska Deadlock Broken

After two and a half months of fruitless balloting, the Republican members of the Nebraska Legislature last week united upon two candidates for the United States Senate to fill the vacancies created by the expiration of

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Senator Thurston's term and the death of the Senator whose place Senator Allen filled temporarily by the appointment of the recently retired Governor. Throughout the long contest Mr. D. E. Thompson was the leading Republican candidate, and a fortnight ago Senator Hanna, of the Republican National Committee, attempted to bring all the Republican legislators to support Mr. Thompson, but his effort failed as signally as his effort on behalf of Mr. Addicks had failed in Delaware. Ten anti-monopoly Republicans, who had refused to vote for Mr. Thompson because they believed he would represent the railroad interests rather than the public interests, took the position that Mr. Thompson's election would be a serious injury to the Republican party in Nebraska, and that the State would better have no representation in the Senate than misrepresentation. At the Republican caucus held on Thursday of last week these men began going over to ex-Governor Crounse, a Republican with strong anti-monopoly leanings, but it was soon apparent that they could not easily secure his election. At this juncture Mr. Thompson retired from the contest in favor of Governor Dietrich, and Mr. Rosewater, of the Omaha "Bee," who had been the candidate next in prominence, retired in favor of Mr. Millard. Governor Dietrich was at once accepted as the party's candidate for the "short" term, which expires in 1905, and after a ballot in which Mr. Millard and ex-Governor Crounse were almost tied, the latter withdrew, and Mr. Millard was chosen for the term which expires in 1907. Thus Nebraska will have full representation in the new Senate; but the length and bitterness of the struggle in the State Legislature, and the distraction of that body's attention from State affairs, have strengthened the already strong demand for the election of United States Senators by the people.

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The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty

The objections which the English Government takes to the amendments proposed by the Senate to the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty are made public. We are inclined to think that the gist of them is practically contained in the intimation previously made by Lord Salisbury in his statement that he "did not see how her Majesty's Government could sanction any convention for amending the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, as the opinion of this country would hardly support them in making a concession which would be wholly to the benefit of the United States, at a time when they appeared to be so little inclined to come to a satisfactory settlement in regard to the Alaskan frontier." We rather think that if the United States would concede what Canada desires as to the Alaskan frontier, Great Britain would concede all that the United States desires respecting the Nicaraguan Canal. The formal objections presented by Lord Lansdowne are three. The Government objects to annulling the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. We have heretofore expressed our conviction that the treaty can properly be abrogated under the principle stated in Bouvier's Law Dictionary, that treaties can be so abrogated whenever "the condition of affairs which formed the basis of the treaty has become so modified by time that its execution has become contrary to the nature of things and the original intention of the parties;" but all peace-loving Americans will so far agree with Lord Lansdowne as to insist earnestly that the treaty ought not to be set aside without a patient and persistent endeavor to secure the consent of Great Britain—a much more strenuous endeavor than has yet been made. The second objection of Lord Lansdowne is to what is known as the Davis amendment, which allows the United States to take such measures as it "may find it necessary to take for securing by its own forces the defense of the United States and the maintenance of public order." As The Outlook has already stated (December 29, 1900, page 1011), "As this qualification precedes the statement that no fortifications shall be erected commanding the canal or the waters adjacent, it does not qualify that agreement, but leaves the canal still neutralized." It is true, as Senator Davis pointed out, that the Davis amendment is borrowed from the clause respecting the authority of Turkey in the case of the Suez Canal; it is true also, as Lord Lansdowne points out, that the Suez Canal runs through territory over which the Sultan of Turkey has sovereignty, while the Nicaraguan Canal would run through

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the territory of a neutral power; but it is also true, as Lord Lansdowne has not pointed out, that the Sultan of Turkey has rarely exercised his sovereignty over the territory through which the canal runs, and that this territory is for all practical purposes under the control of the British Government. The Davis amendment is therefore in spirit, though not in terms, like that of the analogous provision respecting the Suez Canal. We believe it to be unnecessary, but we do not think it seriously objectionable. The third objection of Lord Lansdowne is to the amendment which struck out the provision inviting the adherence of other powers to maintain the neutralization of the canal. This amendment was due to the fundamental American practice not to enter into entangling alliances with European powers. In our judgment, it would be better to depart from than insist upon this principle in the present case. It is difficult to see why England should be asked alone to guarantee the neutrality of an American canal across the Isthmus, and the failure to ask other powers to join in this guarantee would simply increase our risks without conferring upon us any additional advantage. We hope that Lord Lansdowne's rejection of the Senate amendments will lead to new negotiations, and that, as a result of those negotiations, the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty will be distinctly and in terms set aside, the neutrality of the Isthmian Canal will be distinctly and in terms guaranteed by all the great European powers, and some form will be found of stating the right of the United States to take such measures as it may find necessary for its defense and for the maintenance of public order in the territory through which the canal passes and as will secure the property from peril in the land of perpetual revolutions in which it is situated, and at the same time will not offend the sensibilities of Great Britain.

❀

A Miners' Strike Averted

The threatened strike of the anthracite coal miners has been averted by the broad-mindedness of the representatives of the coal-carrying roads and the moderation of the representatives of the miners' union. The latter had been authorized, though not ordered, by the miners' convention to declare a strike if the operators refused to meet them in joint conference to make a contract covering the anthracite fields like that made for bituminous fields at the Western conferences between miners and operators. Almost nothing seemed to have been accomplished toward securing such a conference when the representatives of the miners' union came to New York last week, attended by a Hazleton priest who has been a stanch advocate of arbitration, and by representatives of Pennsylvania Boards of Trade who were interested in averting the business prostration which a great strike would bring to their districts. Through the influence of these representatives of the public interests, and through the favorable attitude toward organized labor taken by Mr. Pierpont Morgan, the controlling spirit in the management of the coal roads, a conference was secured at which President Mitchell, of the miners' union, presented to representatives of the roads the claims of the mine workers. The result of this conference was summarized as follows in the statement issued by the miners' committee announcing that no strike would be ordered:

> The representatives of the operators listened attentively to the presentation of our arguments, and while they would not agree to meet in general joint conference with the miners this year, they did agree that the notices which were posted continuing the advance in wages until April 1, 1902, and agreeing to take up and adjust with their mine employees any grievances they might have, should be interpreted and construed to mean that such grievances should be considered and adjusted with representatives or committees of the mine workers; and they held out the hope that if, during the present year, the mine workers demonstrated their willingness and ability to abstain from engaging in local strikes, full and complete recognition of the organization would unquestionably be accorded at a future date.

In other words, the operators agree that in adjusting grievances with their men they will not insist upon dealing with each workman individually, but will permit the men to act unitedly through committees; and they also give the miners' union to understand that if it demonstrates its ability to prevent local strikes, and thus give concessions as well as take them, the operators will next year consider the making of a collective bargain with the anthracite miners' union such as already

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governs operators and men in the bituminous fields. The miners' committee, in announcing its acceptance of the concession, sensibly urges all its members to abstain scrupulously from local strikes not authorized by district presidents in accordance with the constitution and laws of the union. If, during the coming year, it proves its ability to keep its men in line, the future recognition of the union is practically assured. But if an agreement with the union leaves the operators liable to hundreds of petty disagreements with insubordinate members, a collective bargain next year is impossible. A prominent employer of railroad and mine labor has recently said, in discussing trades-unionism, "I would rather deal with one man than with one hundred thousand." If the miners' union shows its power to discharge the obligations it assumes, this attitude will soon be accepted by employers throughout the mining districts.

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Freedom of Teaching The "Evening Post," of this city, prints a series of very interesting expressions of opinion from leading college presidents on the matter of the dismissal of professors suggested by recent events at the Leland Stanford University. It reprints also an interesting statement made several months ago by President Harper, of the University of Chicago, in which appears a formal expression of opinion adopted by the members of the Congregation of the University in June of 1899, declaring that the principle of complete freedom of speech on all subjects has been regarded as fundamental in the University; that this principle can never be called in question; that the University as such does not appear as a disputant on either side upon any public question; and that the utterances which any professor may make in public are to be regarded as representing his own opinions only. President Harper adds that no donor of a university, whether that donor be an individual or the State, has any right to interfere with the teaching of instructors in a university. When the administration or the instruction in an institution is changed by influence from without, or when an effort is made to dislodge either an officer or instructor because of political or religious sentiment, the institution ceases to be a university. A donor has the right to cease to make his gifts to an institution, but he has no right to interfere with its administration or instruction. President Hyde, of Bowdoin, declares that "a professor has a right to teach as truth whatever is accepted by the consensus of experts in his department; and, in addition, to give dignified and moderate expression to his opinions on disputed political and social questions." He has no right to make himself an offensive partisan or an agitator in behalf of views or measures which are repugnant to the constituency of the institution which he is employed to serve. Donors, founders, and benefactors have no more right to interfere with a professor in his teaching than the stockholder of a steamship company has to direct the pilot how he should steer.

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Additional Opinions President Thwing, of Western Reserve University, declares that the only sufficient reason for the dismissal of an instructor from his position is inefficiency, and that when that inefficiency arises from feebleness or old age, the institution should take these facts into consideration. Professor Tyler, who, in the absence of President Seelye, is the acting head of Smith College, says that freedom of utterance and the presentation of any side or of all sides of a question in the class-room have always been assumed as a matter of course in the institution. President Harris, of Amherst, declares that it is difficult to lay down general principles in respect to the dismissal of a professor; that competency to teach is the determining factor; that a professor ought not only to be able to teach his subject well, but should have character and judgment. Freedom of opinion should not, however, be unreasonably abridged. A teacher whose duty it is to encourage investigation in search of the truth should not be required to adopt nor forbidden to oppose the theories of this or that individual or party; but he should not be regardless of the institution in which he teaches. President Hadley says that it has been the policy of Yale not to appoint a man to full professorship until it has felt as thoroughly assured of his character as of his attainments, and that this has secured not only capable but

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judicious men for Yale University. The recent events at Leland Stanford have gone a long way towards crystallizing academic opinion in this country on the subject of freedom of teaching, and have perceptibly cleared the air for the future. The announcement is made that Professor F. A. Fetter, of the Department of Economics at the Leland Stanford, has resigned. This is the sixth resignation from the faculty of that institution during the past season.

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Industrial Betterment It is something new when the employers of large numbers of men come together from considerable distances to describe what is doing for the betterment of their employees in their industrial conditions. This was the subject on which the employers of more than one hundred and fifty thousand men addressed the Get Together Club of this city in the Madison Square Concert Hall, after a dinner there on the evening of March 26, at which some five hundred were seated. One employer was there who came from Detroit to learn about this new movement, in which Cleveland, through the active co-operation of its Chamber of Commerce, is at present the banner city. The general tenor of the nine addresses made was that as much care must be taken of the animated as of the inanimate portion of the working force; that the employer had a further concern with his men than to see that labor was performed and wages paid. Thus, as Mr. Sherwin, of Cleveland, said, the manufacture of paint had been divested of its unhealthiness. Mr. Daniels, of the New York Central Company, said that the management believed in St. Paul's rule about a man providing for his own people, and accepted the truth of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men. Mr. Hennig, consulting chemist of the Krupp works in Germany, describes its founder as the father of his men. The particulars related by the successive speakers included the beautifying of exteriors, the ventilation and cleanliness and decoration of rooms, baths, lunches, social rooms and recreations, prizes for efficiency, encouragement and reward for helpful suggestions from the workmen, outings and picnics, shop libraries and journals published by and for the operatives, sick leave, and vacations. The general testimony recognized the comradeship of all the producers, and stated the results as better health, larger good will, greater interest in work, increased production, and pecuniary profit, as well as gain in sympathy. Each address was followed by stereopticon illustrations of the particular industry described. A large attendance of ladies was in the galleries during the addresses. The Get Together Club meets monthly to hear representative men on social, political, and economic subjects. It expects before long to make itself a home in a permanent location. This meeting was arranged for it by Dr. W. H. Tolman, Secretary of the League for Social Service, and a Director of the Museum of Social Economy in this city, who has recently been made by Archduke Otto of Austria a corresponding member of the Royal and Imperial Technological Museum of Vienna.

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Brothels in Tenement-Houses The Committee of Fifteen in New York City has addressed to Governor Odell a strong letter in support of the legislation recommended by the Tenement-House Commission to check the traffic in vice now carried on with apparent impunity in tenement-houses. In stating the proportions of the present evil the Committee states that "an examination of fifty houses, taken at random, in which prostitutes were known to be plying their trade through open solicitation . . . revealed living in each house an average of slightly over twenty-eight children below the age of eighteen years." The provisions of the proposed law which the Committee believes to be especially adapted to the suppression of this public traffic are two: 1. The substitution of imprisonment for fines as the punishment of the women who carry on this traffic in tenement-houses. 2. The imposition of a penalty of one thousand dollars upon the owner of a tenement-house whose agent knowingly permits any part of it to be used as a house of prostitution. The first of these provisions is strongly urged, because, as the Committee points out, the fining of prostitutes does not prevent their immediate return to their trade, but rather makes their immediate return the more necessary.

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The second provision, however, is justly deemed the more important, because it puts the responsibility for such traffic upon the people who have power to prevent it, and whose interest it should be to prevent it. In the trial of owners or agents, the general reputation of the premises in the neighborhood is held to be competent though not conclusive evidence, and the permission of these principals is declared to be presumed unless they offer positive evidence to the contrary. Such provisions cannot, of course, put an end to private vice, any more than corresponding provisions respecting gambling-houses can put an end to private gambling. But they can make the public traffic in vice in tenement-houses as unprofitable as it now is profitable, and thus strike at the root of the commercial incentive to social vice in its most demoralizing form.

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The "Congregationalist" The announcement that the "Congregationalist" has become the property of the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society has awakened a good deal of interest among Congregationalists in all parts of the country, and especially in New England. The paper is one of the oldest and best-known religious journals in the country. It began publication in 1849; in 1867 it purchased the Boston "Recorder," and from that date until its recent transfer it has been owned and managed by Messrs. W. L. Green & Co., the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Dexter being for a long time its editor-in-chief. In 1889 the Rev. Dr. A. E. Dunning and the Rev. Howard A. Bridgman became connected with the "Congregationalist," and a year later Dr. Dunning, on the death of Dr. Dexter, assumed the duties of editor-in-chief and Mr. Bridgman became managing editor. In its announcement of change of ownership the "Congregationalist" emphasizes two significant facts in the history of contemporary journalism: the increasing space and prominence given to religious news of all kinds by the secular press, and the immense enlargement of the field of interest and observation from the religious standpoint. Denominational barriers have come to distinguish rather than divide Christians of all names; and the denominational paper has steadily lost in influence and authority. For the purpose of meeting these new conditions the "Congregationalist" seven years ago changed its form, introduced the use of illustrations, and latterly has issued a special monthly number under the title "The Christian World." These plans have greatly added to the expenses of the paper, and have secured it an increased constituency. They have involved, however, the use of a larger capital; and as a result of the desire of the former proprietors to secure this capital, and on investigation of the affairs of the paper by a committee, the "Congregationalist" has become the property of the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society. No detailed statement has yet been made of changes in the editorial management of the paper, but it is announced that Dr. Dunning will remain in charge, with Mr. Bridgman as managing editor, and that no important changes will be made in the personnel of the staff. The "Congregationalist" has taken rank as one of the best papers of its class in the country. It has been of late years sympathetic with progressive movements, broad-minded, and of an admirable Christian spirit. It deserves the increased prosperity which it is seeking.

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Congress of the Disciples The third annual Congress of the Disciples of Christ, held at Lexington, Ky., March 26–28, was the most interesting and successful thus far in the series. It was attended by representative men and women from many parts of the United States, who took deep interest in the questions discussed. No vote is taken in this Congress and no consensus of opinion is expressed concerning the questions. It is not within the purpose or province of the Congress to decide questions, but simply to illuminate them by many-sided discussions. The central theme before this Congress was evolution, which was viewed under the aspect of (1) "The Compatibility of Scientific Evolution and the Christian Faith," (2) "The Evolution of Religion," and (3) "Evolution and the Doctrine of Redemption." Able speakers advocated both the affirmative and the negative sides of each question, with evident result of a much better understanding

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between all on every phase of the subject. Perhaps the most practical feature of the Congress was the organization of a National Education Society to foster the interests of Christian education. Its object is also to assist needy young men preparing for the ministry, and young men and women preparing for the work of missions. One of the delightful features of the Congress was the interdenominational fellowship. Congregationalists and Baptists took prominent part on the programme with the Disciples of Christ.

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Russia's Finance Minister During the past fortnight M. de Witte, Russian Finance Minister, has defeated two autocratic projects, and thereby endeared himself to the Russian people. The first project was the Russification of the Finnish army. In a full meeting of the Council of State (an advisory body) he attacked the Finnish army scheme upon financial grounds entirely, and with such logic and force as to win over the majority to his side. His victory is the more remarkable since the powerful General Kuropatkin, Minister of War, and the still more powerful M. Pobiedonostev, Procurator-General of the Holy Synod of the Greco-Russian Church, were the ardent authors and promoters of the scheme. Yet M. de Witte actually converted more than half of the eighty members composing the Council of State. At the Council's meeting last week a still more important matter was discussed—the student disturbances. The Government had already proclaimed a state of siege at Kiev, Kharkov, and other university towns, but when it was proposed to put St. Petersburg under martial law, M. de Witte declared himself energetically opposed to such a plan. Again he converted the Council to his way of thinking, and decided the Government to make unofficial concessions to the students. Accordingly, for the present, there is a setting aside of the harsh military regulations by which hundreds of recalcitrant Russian students have been drafted into the army to serve as privates for one, two, and three years. Service under Russian officers is notoriously hard, but would be doubly distressing to young men of refinement, breeding, and education, as are many Russian students. Unfortunately, however, many of these students show lack of mental balance. The trouble is largely due to the non-existence of physical training. While English and American students are sometimes absorbed to a disproportionate degree by athletics and sports, Russian students, like those of Spain at the other end of Europe, are generally strangers to every form of physical exercise. It must be admitted also that of the three great branches of the Christian Church the Greco-Russian is the least adapted to challenge youthful enthusiasm, as is the Russian Government among other European governments. In the disturbances of the past fortnight, however, though regrettable excesses have been committed, the students have been abundantly justified in their protests. On another page will be found an interesting article on the student troubles by the famous Russian writer and revolutionist, Kropotkin.

❀

Chinese Territorial Integrity If we may believe the newspaper despatches, American policy in upholding Chinese territorial and commercial integrity received last week the formal support of the English, German, and Japanese Governments. A telegram from London announces that the British Government has protested against any agreement by China with any power touching territorial or financial affairs until the present troubles in that country are concluded. The protest was made through Sir Ernest Satow, British Minister at Peking. Similar protests, it is reported, have been made by Germany and Japan; in the case of Germany there was perhaps a desire to please both England and Russia—a difficult task. Although the Russian agreement is not specifically referred to, it is said to be clear that these actions were directed against it. The language appears to be similar to that used by Secretary Hay in the American protest. It is significant of the drift of Russian diplomacy to note that the draft of the agreement now being discussed no longer mentions Mongolia or Chinese Turkestan; it concerns Manchuria exclusively. It must be admitted that Mongolia and Turkestan have never been included in the supposed formal

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draft, but they formed the subject, with Manchuria, of an exchange of ideas preliminary to formal negotiations. The most extraordinary feature in connection with the whole affair, however, is Russia's persistent denial that she expects to acquire Manchuria permanently. Meanwhile from China itself comes the news that the movement against Russia and in favor of an appeal to the concert of the Powers is gaining such strength and breadth that, whatever pro-Russian disposition exists at the Chinese Court, the Empress Dowager may consider estranging Russia a lesser evil than jeopardizing the authority of the throne and perhaps even the existence of the dynasty through inevitable partition of Chinese territory by the European Powers and Japan.

❀

Jean Charles Cazin Last week at Nice died Jean Charles Cazin, one of the most eminent landscape-painters of France and of the world. Eight years ago, in chronicling an exhibition of his pictures in this country, The Outlook said, "Cazin is a painter who thinks." We are sure that the intervening years have only confirmed this judgment. Born in 1840, his master was Boisbaudran at Paris, M. Lhermitte being his fellow-pupil. Thirty-six years ago Cazin began exhibiting in the Salon, but soon left Paris to spend some years in Italy, Holland, and England, where he pursued studies and employments which would have delighted those old-time believers in an all-round education, Alberti and Leonardo; he worked in oil, water-color, pastel, wax, and ceramic. His great "Ishmael" was bought by the Luxembourg, and by some is considered his masterpiece, though when asked if it were so, the painter was wont to reply, "How can I say? They are all my children. I cannot love one more than another." Cazin was no disciple of Claude Monet; when he was charged with this, he declared at once, "I am not an impressionist; I am a follower of no school." He was a poet who painted, not a scientific man always endeavoring to express a proper idea of values; to him vibrations of light meant something more than may be found in the seven colors of the spectrum. Like Corot, he reproduced that elusive something we call atmosphere, yet his poetry was not Corot's poetry or that of any master. His gray landscapes pictured human life; his clouds, trees, rivers, meadows, all were full of feeling; they were not merely reproductions in line and color of what any one may see in nature, but of what a poet sees. In short, Cazin's spirit was a spontaneous one, and his pictures, in their restful unity of composition and tonal scheme, were serious and solemn with a luminous atmosphere which always had in it a suggestion of the eternal.

❀

Relics as Fire Extinguishers A Canadian correspondent sends us clippings from the Montreal "Herald" about a curious incident connected with a recent fire in that city. The "Herald" first quoted its story from "La Patrie," a French paper, which related the miraculous occurrence with gravity and sincerity (but, as it turns out, quite inaccurately), under the head "Supernatural Protection." The fire in question was in buildings near to Notre Dame Church, and fears arose lest the sacred edifice itself should be destroyed. The exact facts, the "Herald" found after investigation, were as follows:

> The Sisters of the Congregation, 40 St. Jean Baptiste, saw the fire, and retired to the little chapel to pray for the safety of the district. A relic of Ste. Amable, consisting of a ribbon the Saint had worn, was hung upon the wall by the altar. Ste. Amable has for centuries been looked upon as the protectress in heaven against fire. When large districts have been menaced by a conflagration, prayers have been said to Ste. Amable, and her assistance asked in staying the progress of the flames. With greater confidence, therefore, the Sister Superior took a small piece of the holy ribbon, which had been given the Sisters by Mgr. Bruchesi, and, giving it to a messenger, told him to deliver it to a fireman and have it thrown into the flames. The messenger took the relic and hurried on his mission, while the nuns continued to pray before the altar. The relic was given to Captain Renaud, of No. 14 Station, who, with great reverence and confidence, climbed to the top of a ladder and deposited it in the flames raging in the top story of the Hudon Hebert & Company's building. The nuns this morning told a "Herald" reporter that many fires had been stopped through prayers to Ste. Amable. They believed that on Saturday the flames were extinguished very easily after the relic was deposited in the burning building. Captain Renaud said, when asked about the circumstance: "Everybody has his own opinion in matters of this kind." "Do you believe the relic had any effect on the flames?" "Yes,

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I think the fire went out almost immediately afterwards."

We quote this story, not because of any intrinsic importance, but as a strange illustration of the survival of mediæval ideas of divine interference with natural laws. Many of New York's firemen are good Roman Catholics, but it would be a little hard to imagine Chief Croker, for instance, solemnly and devotedly casting into the flames a reputed relic, with the expectation that the fire would forthwith subside!

The Cuban Question

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In an editorial of February 9, 1901, in relation to Cuba, entitled "Our Duty to Cuba," were contained views typical of The Outlook, fearless and sensible. In an editorial of March 23, seemingly from the same authority, a directly contrary view is expressed. Will you explain to me the reason for the change and explain to me how the substitution of *expediency* as a reason for National action rather than right has become the suggestion of The Outlook?

I must confess that I have in the past given great weight to articles in The Outlook.

EDWIN C. EMHARDT.

Philadelphia.

We wonder whether our correspondent has ever carefully read the provisions of the so-called Platt amendment and considered their significance, or has taken reports current in the daily press and assumed their interpretation to be correct. To enable him and others who may share his perplexity to form an independent and intelligent judgment on this question, we here print the Platt amendment in full, and accompany it with our own interpretation of its significance. We may add that we do not recognize any inconsistency between the views expressed in The Outlook in the issues respectively of February 9 and March 23.

THE PLATT AMENDMENT

That in fulfillment of the declaration contained in the joint resolution approved April 20, 1898, entitled, "For the recognition of the independence of the people of Cuba, demanding that the Government of Spain relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and to withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters, and directing the President of the United States to use the land and naval forces of the United States to carry these resolutions into effect," the President is hereby authorized to "leave the government and control of the island of Cuba to its people" so soon as a government shall have been established in said island under a constitution which, either as a part thereof or in an ordinance appended thereto, shall define the future relations of the United States with Cuba, substantially as follows:

That the government of Cuba shall never enter into any treaty or other compact with any foreign power or powers which will impair or tend to impair the independence of Cuba, nor in any manner authorize or permit any foreign power or powers to obtain by colonization or for military or naval purposes or otherwise, lodgment in or control over any portion of said island.

That said government shall not assume or contract any public debt, to pay the interest upon which, and to make reasonable sinking fund provision for the ultimate discharge of which, the ordinary revenues of the island, after defraying the current expenses of government, shall be inadequate.

That the government of Cuba consents that the United States may exercise the right to intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence, the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty, and for discharging the obligations with respect to Cuba imposed by the treaty of Paris on the United States, now to be assumed and undertaken by the government of Cuba.

That all acts of the United States in Cuba during its military occupancy thereof are ratified and validated, and all lawful rights acquired thereunder shall be maintained and protected.

That the government of Cuba will execute, and as far as necessary extend, the plans already devised or other plans to be mutually agreed upon, for the sanitation of the cities of the island, to the end that a recurrence of epidemic and infectious diseases may be prevented, thereby assuring protection to the people and commerce of Cuba, as well as to the commerce of the southern ports of the United States and the people residing therein.

That the Isle of Pines shall be omitted from the proposed constitutional boundaries of Cuba, the title thereto being left to future adjustment by treaty.

That to enable the United States to maintain the independence of Cuba, and to protect the people thereof, as well as for its own defense, the government of Cuba will sell or lease to the United States lands necessary for coaling or naval stations at certain specified points, to be agreed upon with the President of the United States.

That by way of further assurance the government of Cuba will embody the foregoing provisions in a permanent treaty with the United States.

At the opening of the war the Nation disclaimed by act of Congress any disposition to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over Cuba, except for the pacification thereof, and asserted its determination, when that was accomplished, to leave the government and control of the

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island to its people. The Platt amendment authorizes the President to leave the government and control of the island of Cuba to its people so soon as a government shall be established which complies with seven prescribed conditions. These conditions are to be incorporated in the Constitution or an ordinance appended thereto, and to be embodied in a treaty with the United States. The question for the American citizen is: Are these conditions necessary to secure the permanent pacification of the island, and its government and control permanently and peacefully by its people? If they are, or if they include nothing which we should not have a right to demand of Cuba as a free and independent State, they are not unjust.

The first condition is that the Constitution shall prohibit the legislature from taking any action which will impair or tend to impair the independence of Cuba. This is not a demand that our right shall be recognized to supervise its foreign treaties or any of its foreign treaties. We have a treaty with Great Britain which contains what is known as the favored nation clause—that Great Britain shall not grant to any other nation commercial terms more favorable than it grants to us. This gives us no right to supervise Great Britain's treaties with foreign nations. If she should make a treaty giving to another nation more favorable commercial terms than are given to us, we should enter our protest. Negotiations would follow, and as a final result either she would modify her treaty with the other nation, she would give the same advantages to us, or we should be in peril of war with her.

In a precisely analogous manner, if Cuba should make a treaty which we regarded as tending to impair her independence, we should enter our protest. Negotiations would ensue, the controversy would be settled by diplomacy, or it would be referred to the International Tribunal established at The Hague, or it might eventually lead to war between ourselves and Cuba, or ourselves and the power whose intervention impaired her independence. In point of fact, the simple incorporation in the Constitution of Cuba of such a clause as we have asked, and its further incorporation in a treaty with the United States, would serve as a notice to all foreign powers that they could not enter into any relations with Cuba which would impair her independence without both violating the Constitution of Cuba and incurring our hostility. Such notice would, in all human probability, be adequate to prevent any interference with Cuban independence by foreign powers. No foreign power will be likely to buy territory in Cuba if such a purchase means buying a lawsuit or a war with the United States.

The second condition is that the Constitution shall prohibit the legislature from contracting any debt which cannot be provided for, principal and interest, out of the ordinary revenues of the island. This is not a demand that we be permitted to control Cuba's finances and credit. If a father says to a boy at college, "You must submit your monthly cash account to me for my supervision," and the boy replies, "I am old enough to manage my own affairs; do not treat me like a child; I promise you that I will not incur any debts which I cannot pay out of my allowance;" the father and the son have not made identical or even analogous propositions. We ask for no supervision over Cuba's cash accounts. We ask her to incorporate in her Constitution a limitation on the power of her legislature, analogous to that which is incorporated in the Constitution of many of our own States, and to ratify and confirm this by treaty with us. The reason is plain. If such a clause is inserted in her Constitution and confirmed by treaty with us, the legislature will be powerless to bankrupt Cuba. Bonds issued or debts incurred in excess of Constitutional power are not obligatory on the people of the island. No one will buy such bonds, no one will loan money to a community with notice given beforehand that the debt may be repudiated by the people, and that the repudiation would be sustained by the United States. This demand simply protects Cuba from the bankruptcy which was inflicted upon some of the Southern States by carpetbag governments, and at the same time protects us from the foreign entanglements which would ensue if a foreign power were to send over a battle-ship to collect from Cuba debts which Cuba was unable to meet out of her legitimate income.

The third condition calls for Cuba's consent beforehand that we may intervene

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in either one of three cases: (1) For the preservation of Cuban independence—that is, in case it is assailed by a foreign foe. (2) For the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty. This is not, the reader will observe, that we may intervene whenever we think life, property, and individual liberty are endangered, not that we may assume the functions of government in Cuba ourselves, not that we may even intervene to prevent one government from being overthrown and another government being substituted in its place, but that we may intervene for the maintenance of *a* government adequate to perform governmental functions; that is, we may intervene to defend the native government, in case such state of anarchy prevails or is imminent in the island as would destroy all adequate protection for life, property, and liberty. We have fought to deliver Cuba from one despotism. We ask her consent that we may interfere to protect her from any other which may threaten her. We do this because the mere fact that she gives her consent, and we by treaty assume this obligation, will be notice both to foreign powers and to those who would foment domestic disorder that they must reckon with the United States in any attack which they make on the liberties of the Cuban people. (3) We claim the further right to intervene if intervention is necessary to secure the fulfillment of obligations toward Spain for which we are primarily responsible. Because Cuba has assumed that responsibility, we are not thereby wholly delivered from it. Our position is like that of the indorser on a note—we are to a certain extent guarantor to Spain that those obligations will be carried out, and we ask Cuba beforehand to give us this guarantee that they will be carried out, and her honor and ours alike protected.

These three conditions seem to The Outlook primarily necessary for Cuba's benefit, only secondarily necessary for our own. They are not an exercise of sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over the island. They do not provide for any such exercise in the future. They are necessary to secure the permanent pacification of the island, and the permanent government and control of the island by its people.

The next two clauses are necessary primarily for our interests, secondarily for those of Cuba.

The fourth condition simply asks Cuba to ratify the acts of the provisional government organized during the occupancy of the United States, and to maintain and protect all "lawful rights" acquired under that government. If Cuba should set aside the acts of this provisional government, if she should refuse to maintain and protect rights acquired under that government, we should have a right and a duty to intervene, because the rights conferred under a government exercised by the United States must be maintained and protected by the United States. It is right that we should ask Cuba beforehand to agree to this just and righteous condition, that we should not wait until our forces are withdrawn and take the chances that some future government may disregard these moral obligations and compel us to resort to war for their enforcement.

The fifth condition is quite as much for Cuba's interest as for ours. As one ward in a city has a right to insist that another ward shall not nourish contagious disease, so one nation has a right to insist that another near-by nation shall not disregard those sanitary laws which are essential to international as well as to national health. In insisting that Cuba shall execute the necessary plans to prevent occurrence of epidemic and infectious disease we insist alike upon her protection and upon ours.

The sixth condition refers the question as to the title to the Isle of Pines to future diplomacy for adjustment. Our treaty with Spain provided for the independence of Cuba, and for a transfer of all other islands under the sovereignty of Spain in the West Indies to the United States. Whether the Isle of Pines is a part of Cuba or is one of those other islands transferred by Spain to the United States is a question on which The Outlook is not prepared to express an opinion. If newspaper correspondents can be trusted in their statements of fact, The Outlook would be of the opinion that it belongs to Cuba. But questions of territory between independent nations are not settled by newspapers; they are settled by diplomacy and treaty. And the United States Government is certainly both wise and just

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in insisting that the settlement of this question shall not be forestalled by hasty action on the part of either power. It conforms to all international procedure in leaving this, which is practically a question of boundary line, "to future adjustment by treaty."

The seventh condition is that Cuba shall sell or lease lands for coaling or naval stations. The Outlook has expressed in explicit terms its judgment that the United States has no right to make this demand. We have a right to make the request; the possession of such stations would facilitate our maintenance of the independence of Cuba and our exercise of such protectorate as is necessary for her safety and as is not inconsistent with her absolute independence; but whether she will grant them or not is a question which should be left to her free choice. We have no right to demand that they be granted as a condition of withdrawing our military forces from the island.

So far as we can judge from newspaper correspondents in Cuba, the objection of the Cubans is not so much to these conditions as it is to the way in which they have been presented to the Cuban government. America has had no great diplomatic experience, and it is quite possible that it has presented these conditions in such a manner as to offend Cuban pride, which is quite as sensitive as the famous Castilian pride. Good breeding in nations as in individuals is the result of experience, and America in her isolation has lacked diplomatic experience. It would seem to The Outlook that the Administration would have shown greater diplomatic wisdom had it invited to Washington some representative Cubans, and worked out the conditions in mutual conference with them. Yet we cannot forget that Congress does not always follow the President's leading, nor fail to recognize the fact that if Congress had treated the President's formulated demands as the Senate has treated the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, the relations between Cuba and the United States would be far more strained than they are to-day. Certainly The Outlook, which has strenuously insisted that it was the duty of Congress to present to the Philippines a clear statement of what would be the relation between the Philippines and America in case the Filipinos laid down their arms, cannot criticise Congress for having presented such a statement in a somewhat analogous case to the people of Cuba.

It is, however, a mistake to call the provisions of the Platt amendment an ultimatum. An ultimatum is defined by the Century Dictionary as "a final proposal or statement of conditions, especially, in diplomatic negotiations, the final terms of one of the parties, the rejection of which may involve an immediate rupture of diplomatic relations, and even lead to a declaration of war." There is not the least reason for affirming that the Platt amendment is or was intended by Congress to be regarded as such an ultimatum. Congress authorizes the President to withdraw the forces of the United States from Cuba when these demands are complied with, and by such withdrawal to notify the world that our responsibility for Cuban administration is at an end. If Cuba does not approve these demands, or any of them, she has simply to present her counter-demands, and enter into negotiations with the Government at Washington for different terms. It is true that the President cannot alter the terms. The President cannot individually, under our Constitution, make any terms with a foreign nation. Treaty-making is left with the President and the Senate. It is true, therefore, that if the Cubans do not like these terms, they must consent to the presence of United States forces in Cuba until new terms can be negotiated. It is possible that the United States Government would not consent to modify these terms in any important particular; but it is quite possible that it would so consent. Certainly there is not the least reason for saying that these demands are the final terms of the United States, the rejection of which might be expected to lead to war. It would be much more appropriate to describe them as the first proposition of the United States, leading, if they are objected to, to future negotiations.

We believe that the unprejudiced reader, who will study with care the provisions of the Platt amendment in the light of this interpretation of them, will see that it is quite unjust to charge The Outlook with substituting expediency as a reason for National action rather than right. Of the eight demands made by that amendment on Cuba we believe that the first three

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are absolutely necessary to secure that independence and liberty for the Cubans which we have won for them at such cost; that the fourth is a necessary protection of individual rights in Cuba for the protection of which we have made ourselves responsible; that the fifth is equally necessary for the welfare of Cuba and of the United States; that the sixth is the only proper disposition to be made of the question respecting a territory which, under the treaty with Spain, may belong to Cuba and may belong to the United States; that the eighth would be proper as a request, and should be granted by Cuba from motives of gratitude, but is not proper as a demand to be enforced by a stronger power against the protests of one that is weaker.

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The Direct Primary Victory in Wisconsin

Governor La Follette, of Wisconsin, is succeeding better than we dared hope in his struggle to hold the legislators of his party to the fulfillment of the party's pledge to "abolish" caucus and convention nominations, and substitute the direct choice of the voters at primary elections held under the Australian ballot. His conflict with the machine of his own party was made the more difficult by the support which this machine received from the fifteen Democrats in the Assembly. Nevertheless, the thoroughgoing bill introduced, with his approval, by Assemblyman Stevens, passed the lower house by a vote of 51 to 48. The margin was a narrow one, but the acceptance of the bill by three-fifths of the Republicans in the Assembly makes it politically dangerous for the almost solidly Republican Senate to reject it. The tactics used to defeat the bill in the Assembly, however, promise that the hard-fought contest is by no means over.

The character of the opposition is described as follows by a trusted Wisconsin correspondent:

> The opposition comprises the corporation lobby and the machine bosses who have controlled the State for years. Money and positions have been promised and given to secure votes against the bill. . . . The session opened with the leading Republican paper, the Milwaukee "Sentinel," heartily in favor of the law. Charles Pfister, the Milwaukee street railway and tannery magnate, saw the necessity of silencing this voice for the law, and paid a price above the real value of the stock to control the policy of the paper, placed a follower of Yerkes, the Chicago street railway man, in control, and has not hesitated to misrepresent every act of the Governor and his friends in order to defeat the measure. Every Federal office-holder of the State, even down to many of the postmasters of the State, have kept up a persistent campaign against the law, many of them spending their time night and day upon the floor of the House.

Newspaper correspondents in sympathy with the lobby do not deny the activity of Federal office-holders against the bill, but declare that the office-holders appointed by Governor La Follette are equally active in its favor. Governor La Follette's friends, however, deny this charge, though the number of his appointees is so small that this would seem a negligible factor. When the final vote was taken, says the Wisconsin "News," the opposition brought one of its supporters from his sick-bed in Milwaukee, and caused another to postpone his son's funeral in order that every opposing vote might be polled. No greater proof could be given of the importance of Governor La Follette's work than the character of the opposition it has encountered.

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Will Japan Fight Russia?

The slow advance of Russia across Asia is absorbing North China and threatening Korea. Japan looks upon Korea as within her own sphere of influences. The island of Formosa, one of Japan's fruits of victory over China in 1895, has not attracted many settlers, and the legitimate instinct of expansion among the Japanese regards, and always has regarded, Korea as the proper country for overflow of population and energy. Five years ago a suitable territory for such expansion was secured; the treaty of Simonoseki, between China and Japan, provided for the cession of the Liaotung Peninsula. But Russia had long coveted this peninsula, the sea-front of Manchuria. Backed by France and Germany, she prevented Japan from seizing the main fruit of victory, in an official protest declaring that the possession of Port Arthur alone was equivalent to the occupation

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of Peking. Three years later, however, Russia did not hesitate to raise her own flag over Port Arthur, agreeing, however, not only to refrain from all direct interference with Korean internal affairs, but, in view of the many Japanese subjects and interests in Korea, not to interfere with the industrial and commercial relations between Japan and that small kingdom. Despite this, last week Russia demanded the removal of Mr. Brown, the English Director of Korean Customs. This was primarily an affront to England, but equally an affront to Japan.

Three weeks ago a secret concession was disclosed, granted to Russia by Li-Hung-Chang, for value received, by the terms of which Russia obtained a large amount of land at Tientsin, belonging in part to an English railway. Again both England and Japan felt slighted. The ultimate object of the transaction was not so much to secure territory as to command the exclusive output of the coal-mines near Tientsin controlled by Li-Hung-Chang. When Japan supposed that she had secured the Liaotung Peninsula, she offered to share her commercial and territorial acquisitions with all comers: it is this policy which made the Japanese doubly distressed when Russia, with her traditional exclusive commercialism, secured the Tientsin concession, quadrupling her coal supply on the Pacific, and giving her a means for prosecuting any future conflict in Asia.

These events have deeply stirred Japan. The Foreign Office is open day and night, and at the War Office there are frequent conferences of senior military and naval officers, presided over by the Mikado. At a meeting last week, Marquis Ito, Prime Minister, declared that his country had now obtained a position enabling her to protect her legitimate interests and to take whatever step the exigencies of the moment required. It was impossible to deny, added the Premier, that Japan keenly felt the influence of the complications connected with the Chinese imbroglio, and she did not ignore the clouds on the horizon. Ex-Premier Count Okuma added that Japan must strike a decisive blow at Russia or leave her alone. "A war with Russia would mean a just war against an enemy of justice, commerce, peace, and civilization." Prince Konouye, President of the House of Peers of the Japanese Diet, or Parliament, says that "the law of self-preservation prevents Japan from allowing Russia a free hand in Manchuria." The result of the issue of the Seoul-Fusan (Korean) railway loan testifies to the extent of the patriotic enthusiasm. On Monday of this week it was announced that the amount required was many times covered despite the tightness of the money market; subscriptions were received from remote rural districts. The Japanese army and navy are being mobilized. Hundreds of horses and men have been mustered at Hiroshima, a port opposite the Korean coast, and drilled for cavalry service; large supplies of campaign foods have been bought by the Army Commissary Department; there is unusual activity in all the arsenals; and the Government now announces its intention of increasing its troops in China by a force half again as strong as that now in that country, and of sending staff officers to Korea to investigate the crisis. It is also significant that the Japanese cruiser Iwate, recently constructed in England, left that country on March 26, a week ahead of her sailing date, shipping her ammunition while she was coaling, and so hastily that portions were left behind. Most significant of all, however, the Japanese Cabinet has invoked the Mikado's assistance in order that he himself may provide additional war resources, should war come. This appeal is the more striking because, during the three decades covering the history of the New Japan, the Mikado's assistance has been invoked but three times. The Government's action may indicate that it is now ready to force the issue.

An armed conflict between Japan and Russia has long been regarded by many as unavoidable; but it is specially since the resumption of the Premiership by Marquis Ito that there has been felt the near approach of another crucial period in the history of the Island Empire. If a conflict with Russia is inevitable, it would be unwise, it is argued, for Japan to defer it until the Trans-Siberian railway had been completed—a railway sufficient to transport soldiers and supplies in ten days from Russia to the Pacific—and until Russia had absorbed Manchuria and part of

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Chili, with their advantages in respect to coal, corn, and men. At present Russia's ships must depend entirely upon British coaling stations on the route from the Atlantic to the Pacific; in case of war, she would no longer be permitted to use those coaling stations, and, following the example of the Spanish war-ships on their way to the Philippines, her own would have to turn back home. The Japanese coal supply, though not of remarkable quality, seems to be practically inexhaustible. With regard to other supplies, Russia on the Pacific is at present thousands of miles away from their base, despite accumulated stores at Vladivostok and Port Arthur. When completely absorbed by Russia, Manchuria will give to her, not only wheat and corn, coal and iron, but also a hardy population of four millions capable of becoming excellent soldiers. The Japanese understand all these advantages which would add to Russia's strength by delay. They understand also that at present they have an army and a navy of greater effectiveness than the force Russia has in Asia. This has been realized especially by those Japanese who measured themselves with the Russians when marching side by side upon Peking last year. In that history the Japanese bore a conspicuously honorable part; on the other hand, many brutish Cossacks executed horrible massacres and outrages on helpless and unresisting people. Conscious of superior military and moral strength, the Japanese soldiers would welcome a conflict with Russia. This feeling is evident among Japanese sailors, who know that, following the old Greeks and the modern English, they are the natural children of the sea, while the Slavs are poor sailors; that the Russian fleet available for service against Japan is outweighed to the extent of nearly eighty thousand tons by the Japanese fleet; that the battle-ships of Japan are of later construction and possess heavier batteries; that Russia has had no recent naval experience, while Japan's recently acquired renown would nerve her navy to new victory.

These facts granted, the question arises: If Japan deems an armed conflict necessary, why does she wait? She is waiting for Great Britain. It is absolutely necessary that England should enforce neutrality upon France and Germany, the allies of Russia in constraining Japan to do what Russia alone could not have carried through—compelling the surrender of territory acquired by treaty after the Chinese war. Japan knows that a renewal of this combination would again be fatal to her; hence she has waited until England's hands should not be fully occupied in South Africa, and recent events may have indicated to Marquis Ito that the end of the Boer war is in sight; England's necessity has been Russia's opportunity. England's interests and sympathies will be with Japan, for there is striking similarity, both in geographical position and in commercial breadth of view, between the old island Empire of the Atlantic and the new island Empire of the Pacific. Japan is now a world-power, and must be reckoned with as such. As for France, having once been easily made use of by Russia, it may be difficult for her now to remain neutral.

The most important question, however, is, What will Germany do? The Kaiser's nightmare on the subject of the Yellow Peril is well known; but the Kaiser and the Government are not identical; that Government is by no means blind to its real interests in Asia. Though it may be necessary to keep up a traditional friendship between the Imperial houses of Russia and Germany, the German nation knows that it cannot allow itself to make common cause with Russia, because Russia is a Power with which political considerations count for everything, commercial considerations for little.

There remains the American attitude, and, while it may be impolitic and even impossible for America to take an active part in the Eastern question, our sympathies must be identical with England's, not only on account of trade interests, but also because the United States was Japan's god-parent in the entrance of the latter into the family of nations, and our pride in that work more than counterbalances any sentiment of historic friendship towards Russia. Even if there were no historical background, we could hardly hesitate long in a choice between a progressive, self-governing young empire and an autocracy which only last week attempted to stifle the expression of free speech by the use of the leaden-loaded whip.

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The Joy of Immortality

The belief in immortality has sunk its roots deep in the heart of humanity, and the advance of knowledge, instead of weakening, has confirmed it. It is, indeed, for a large part of the race, the product of evolution; a noble idea gradually breaking through mist and darkness like a rising star. To the Jew of the Old Testament his people, the Israel of his love and passionate devotion, was imperishable; but he had no such hope for himself. For his own spirit he anticipated the final silence of the grave. Among the most pathetic passages in the Old Testament were the cries of the soul, not at the loss of happiness, but at the loss of the companionship of God:

For in death there is no remembrance of Thee:
In the grave who shall give Thee thanks?
. . . . . .
For I am but a guest with Thee,
And a sojourner, as all my fathers were.
O spare me, that I may recover brightness,
Before I go hence, and be no more.

To the mind of a people to whom the race, not the individual, was the unit, immortality was a race, not an individual, possession. But as the sense of the personal relationship with God deepened, as the consciousness of sin became more searching and individual, as the joys of communion with the Infinite became more real and the passion for righteousness more intense, like a beautiful flower, faith in the immortality of every child of God slowly unfolded in the murky atmosphere of the world, and the fragrance of it began to redeem the loneliness and blackness of death.

In Christ the thought of God finally cleared itself to the mind of all who accept Him as the manifestation of the Infinite. In Him God is no mere force of nature, no intangible stream of tendency, no impersonal energy playing through the universe and making for righteousness; He is a mysterious but real personality; one who not only thinks and acts, but loves, and suffers through love. It is not Israel for which He cares, but every Israelite; it is true, the sin of the race lies on His heart, but in the numberless sins of the people; those sins bring Him at last to the cross; He dies for the race, not for a corporate body perpetuated in the unbroken succession of its members, but for the unit which includes every man born into the world since time began. The death on Calvary was not the defeat of a force, the checking of a tendency; it was the physical surrender of a Person. The resurrection was not the revival of a force; it was the reappearance of a Person.

As the idea of personality, on which rests ultimately the thought and civilization of the Western races, has become clearer, faith in immortality has become more distinct and controlling. During the mediæval period it possessed the minds of Christians too exclusively; the emphasis of their thought was on the other life, the weight of their interests was in the other world; they lost a true sense of the reality of this life. In our time the pendulum has swung to the other extreme; belief in immortality has deepened, but many men live too exclusively in the near environment, and miss the interests, the inspirations, and the joys of the remoter environment.

It is right and wise to lay strong hold of life, to live in the present, to pour out the full tide of vitality in the works of to-day. The boy does not prepare for manhood by brooding over the intimations of maturity which are never absent from the mind of youth, but by learning the lessons and playing the plays of childhood. The thorough boy is likely to make the forceful man. In like manner, the real preparation for the future is made, not by withdrawing from the world and meditating on the joys of the future, but by doing the work of the hour and living the life of the world with a deep sense of their reality and nobility.

But no man can secure and keep this deep sense of the reality and nobility of the things that now are unless he sees those things in their spiritual order, and feels the "power of an endless life" giving unity, poise, serenity, and glorious hope to his troubled years. There are hosts of men and women who are living the life of time in the spirit of eternity, but missing the joy of their faith. The ancient Hebrew prayed for length of days because there was neither light nor praise nor fellowship in the grave; too many Christians live, not as if death ended all, but as if the joy of immortality were

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beyond the reach of those who bear the burdens and endure the sorrows of this present life. Traces of the old ideas still linger to becloud the clearer and deeper thought of God which has come to the best mind of the world; it is still easy to follow the old grooves and think of two lives—a life that now is and a life that is to come; to place life and immortality in contrast.

There is but one life, and we are now living it; and those who have "gone into a world of light" share with us a life which has deepened and broadened, but is the same life they lived by our side. We are not to become immortal by some mysterious change at death; we are immortal; and the life of immortality is as securely ours to-day as it ever will be.

On the first Easter morning the risen Lord did not create immortality; he simply brought it to light. Men had always been immortal; their failure to discover their immortality did not change the fact; they went into the grave expecting darkness and silence, and they came suddenly into the great Light. It is our happier opportunity to realize our immortality so clearly that the joy of it may meet us on the way and walk with us in our loneliness instead of waiting for us where all darkness has gone forevermore.

Russia and the Student Riots

By P. Kropotkin

[Prince Kropotkin, or Peter Kropotkin, as he now calls himself, is a descendant of the royal house of the Ruriks. He was born at Moscow fifty-seven years ago, was first a page at court and then personal page of Alexander II., and next an officer in the army. In his youth he traveled extensively, and he has been an active and distinguished writer of geographical works. Not until he was thirty years old, and journeying in Switzerland, did he come in contact with men who were developing the Anarchist movement. Their obvious disinterestedness and the greatness of their aims appealed strongly to him, and he shortly devoted himself with feverish activity to carrying forward the agitation in his native land. A year later he was arrested for participation in Socialist propaganda, and spent the next three years in prison. In 1876 he escaped and came to Switzerland, where he founded the paper "Revolt," and assisted in extending the Anarchist agitation in the south of France. In 1883, after an Anarchist uprising at Lyons, he was again imprisoned, but was set free after three years' imprisonment. Since 1886 he has lived in England. He is now on a second visit to this country. His Autobiography, published last year by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., has been universally recognized as one of the most important of recent books. It is a life-story of absorbing interest and peculiar significance. Those who differ most widely from Kropotkin's philosophy cannot but recognize the nobility of the spirit which led him to abandon the position to which he was born, and to labor for the equal opportunities of all.—THE EDITORS.]

THE condition of affairs in Russia at the present moment is much more serious than it is generally believed to be, and it is undoubtedly far more critical than it is apparently judged to be in the immediate surroundings of the Czar. Not that the life of Nicholas II. should be in danger; I do not believe these reports, the more so as similar sensational news which comes periodically from Cracow is always and has always been terribly exaggerated. The critical character of the present situation lies much deeper than in a mere embitterment of the students, and we have before us something much more important than mere students' disturbances.

The question which has been put before all thinking and law-abiding Russia by the recent decisions of Nicholas II. goes far beyond the students' disturbances. It is this: "Will the Emperor, while retaining the power of modifying the laws of the country in the ways indicated by the fundamental laws of Russia, obey those laws which have been promulgated by himself and his predecessors? Or will he trample under his feet all laws of the country, stand above them, and act, not in accordance with the laws already enacted, but according to his personal caprice?" This is the question which is now asked in Russia, not only by the students, but also by hundreds of mature men who have hitherto been the faithful supporters of autocratic rule. And this is a far-reaching question.

That the embitterment of the students

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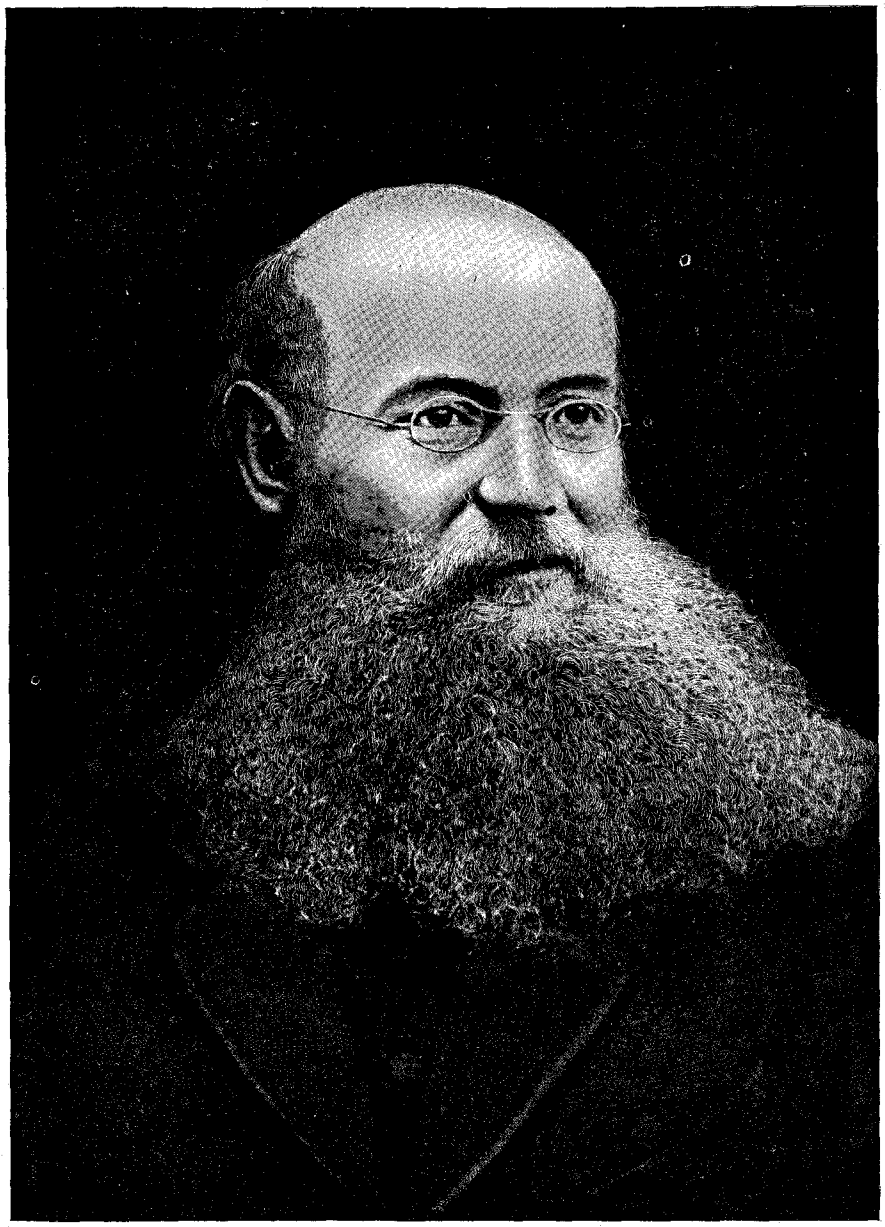

PETER ALEXEIVITCH KROPOTKIN

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is greater now than it has ever been in any of the previous students' disturbances is self-evident from the facts of violence which this time have *immediately* followed the disturbances. That the workingmen of St. Petersburg (who are pretty well organized, as was seen from the strikes during the coronation) sided with the students has also its significance. But to the embitterment of the students must also be added the outbreak of discontent in the higher St. Petersburg society, which this time is decidedly with the students against the Government.

The fact that a crowd of students and simple onlookers who stood on the Kazan Cathedral Square at St. Petersburg were so brutally assailed by the *nagaikis*, or lead-weighted horsewhips, of the Cossacks, and that so many as nineteen students were killed by these terrible weapons, is something absolutely new for the inhabitants of the capital. It shows that Nicholas II. is ready to treat his subjects—at St. Petersburg, in the chief thoroughfare of the capital!—in a way which even his great-grandfather, "the iron despot," Nicholas I., never risked resorting to. There are certain points of view which it is always fatal to ignore. Thus, the Cossack *nagaikis* would have passed unnoticed at Moscow or in any provincial town, but they have provoked a general outburst of indignation at St. Petersburg, where the population is so accustomed to members of the Imperial family in the streets that in case of a street disturbance it would expect some of them, if not the Czar himself, to appear among the crowd (as Nicholas I. did during the cholera outbreak), rather than to see the Cossacks cutting open the faces of the inhabitants and killing numbers of them by their *nagaikis*. If troops had been called out, and had charged the crowd, the indignation would not have been so great as it is now. At Warsaw the horsewhips of the Cossacks rendered the Revolution of 1863 unavoidable, because Warsaw is more of a West European city than any city of Russia. And St. Petersburg is also of a West European character.

The fact that the "fathers" of the students—that is, the more mature portion of St. Petersburg society—took at once the initiative of lodging a protest against the action of the police and the Cossacks is extremely significant. If so "respectable" a society as the Society of Russian Authors, whose President is a cousin of the Czar, and which has in its ranks nearly all the highest functionaries of the Crown, has not hesitated in issuing at once a protest against the behavior of the police on the Kazan Cathedral Square, this shows that the spirit of St. Petersburg has been roused and is quite different to-day from what it was lately. Three letters from a lady of high standing in the capital, which I have received, the latest dated March 9, show that the parents of the students—even those who occupy the highest positions in the administration—the military officers, the representatives of law (the Public Prosecutors of both Kieff and St. Petersburg), and even several high functionaries of the State Police, are incensed at the treatment of the students, and have openly and formally protested against it. The spirit of St. Petersburg reminds me of the times of the emancipation of the serfs in 1861, when the Court had to reckon with the public opinion of the capital even in its legislative schemes.

It may thus be said most positively that, although the disturbance began with the students, the discontent is now among all classes of society. The reason for this spreading of irritation becomes self-evident if one follows the gradual development of the recent events of which the last acts only were telegraphed to the newspapers.

The disturbances began at Kieff. One student was brought before a local justice of peace under the accusation of bad behavior in some restaurant towards a woman of light conduct. Thereupon a number of students convoked a meeting to discuss what the students could do to prevent the recurrencce of similar facts disgraceful to students, and altogether to maintain among themselves a higher standard of morality.

The meeting was illegal in consequence of the new law which prohibits students' meetings; and the Dean of the University, instead of settling the affair in an amicable way, excluded three students from the University for one year, and put several others under arrest.

Thereupon the students convoked a

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second meeting, to have a talk with the Dean upon this subject; but the Dean again, instead of settling the disturbance by a frank explanation, refused to appear before the students, and sent for the town police, the State police (the gendarmes), and the troops; and although the meeting ended quite peacefully, he reported the affair to St. Petersburg.

The Minister of Public Instruction, Bogolépoff—ex-professor himself and ex-Liberal—made out of this a great affair; he probably reported the affair to the Czar, and, acting under his orders, nominated a court, composed of professors and police officials, to judge the students, and this court condemned *one hundred and eighty-three students* to exclusion from the University for terms of from one to four years. And, finally, the Czar, interfering personally, made things infinitely worse. "Send all the first category to Port Arthur as soldiers," was his order.

Leaving aside the strangeness, to say the least, of this measure, in a country in which military service is obligatory for all, and consequently, being a citizen's duty, never ought to be considered as a *punishment*—such a measure meant the trampling under the feet of all laws of the Empire, by which military service has been very carefully regulated since it was rendered obligatory in 1874. It was a return to the traditions of fifty years ago, when, under Nicholas I., in serfdom times, military service *was* a punishment which a serf-owner used to inflict upon his serf when he was dissatisfied with him, and which Nicholas I. applied also, *under the view which was general then*, as a punishment. It was a revival of one of the worst features of those times, which had become a thing of the past since 1874, and was spoken of with horror by the old generations.

This unfortunate decision of Nicholas II. brought with it its necessary sequel of ill consequences. Four and, later on, twelve of the students who had been ordered to become soldiers refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Czar. They must have reasoned, I suppose, that once the Czar disobeys the laws of the country they cannot swear allegiance to him. But now they fell under military law and were court-martialed. "Death" was the sentence required by the military code, and they were condemned to death. Surely they will not be executed, but they most certainly will be sent to the punishment battalions, which, in Russia as in France and elsewhere, are real hells. And so a trifling affair ended tragically; the mothers and fathers saw their sons sent for numbers of years to be flogged and martyrized in all sorts of ways in the military hard-labor penal establishments.

That evidently provoked a general uprise of all the students of all universities, men's and women's, all over Russia, and of all academies and technical high schools. And now, as if this was not serious enough, we have the *nagaikis* of the Cossacks freely playing on the heads and faces of St. Petersburg crowds.

It is difficult, of course, to say what may be the next development of events; however, there are some points which may already be indicated. The main point is that Nicholas II. during these five years of his reign has not won the slightest sympathy of his subjects in any class whatever of the Empire. His father was certainly very reactionary, but he had at least certain *ideas* of a Tory-Democrat which he tried to promote. Besides, he was imbued with respect of law. "I know that this law is good no more," he used to say, "but we must obey it so long as it has not been altered." And he was scrupulously economical in State expenditure. None of these qualities, and no other qualities whatever, have been hitherto shown by Nicholas II. He has admirers in no class of society—none in his nearest surroundings, none among his ministers, none in the army, none in the civil service, none among the nobility, none among the peasants.

As a rule, he does not much interfere in the inner affairs of the State. But now he has shown that, if he interferes, his idea is that the laws of the country are not binding for him. Being himself the head of the army, he has proved by his ill-tempered act that he has no respect for the laws upon which the recruiting of the army is based, and which strictly indicate which categories of citizens are freed from military service, what privileges are given to education, and so on. He has shown that he does not care for them, when he ordered the sending of so many students to be soldiers. He probably intended to

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imitate Nicholas I., but he forgot that under Nicholas I. *there were no laws of recruiting*—that the will of the landlord decided whether John or Peter should or should not be a soldier. And by this order he has set against himself the army. The officers already quite openly say and write: "Is the army going to become a penal colony, and the soldier looked upon as a convict?" Moreover, the Czar has irritated all the legal profession—the magistrates and the lawyers—who forcibly maintained the view, since the reform of the tribunals in 1866, that the laws of the country, bad or good, are something that must be respected. He has set against himself the fathers and mothers of all the eleven or twelve thousand students of Russia, who will see the future careers of their sons destroyed forever. And he has set against himself not only the educated portion of Russia, for whom a return to "Nicholas I.'s times" is simply hateful, but even large portions of the peasants, who will begin to talk of a return to serfdom, with which they associate the name of Nicholas I.

In short, Nicholas II. has shown that he cannot understand that he is the Czar of "Reformed Russia;" and he has manifested his intention of acting as if he were the Czar of what Russia was before the reforms of 1861–1866, in the Crimean War times.

What will be the outcome of this really critical situation? It is difficult to prophesy, but if age, experience, and thought authorize one to look into the future, I must say that I see only two possible outcomes. Either Nicholas II. will revert to the legal ground—that is, he will order to hand over all the arrested students to the *legal* authorities of Russia, the Justices of Peace for small street disorders, and for the graver cases to the Chambers of Accusation, which will see who of the accused has to go before the usual courts and the juries. If Nicholas II. does this, he will at once become popular—perhaps even more popular than his grandfather was in 1861; *but nothing short of this will restore tranquillity in Russia.*

Or, he will persevere in his attitude of a ruler who ignores the laws of Russia, who trusts to force only, and who acts at the dictation of his caprices. Then he will have to sustain an extremely hard struggle, much harder, let it be well noted, than the struggle which Alexander II., inspired by Katkoff, carried on towards the end of his life. Much harder because he will have against him not only a handful of youths, as was the case in 1879–1881, but *young and old*, supported by the discontent of large sections of the most influential part of society, and because the youth itself is more militant now than it was then. This is the ultimatum which History puts before him.

What will be the issue of this struggle, if it begins, no one can foretell. But one thing is certain; and in saying it I speak not as a man of a party, but as one whom life has taught to observe and to analyze facts: the absolute rule of the Romanoffs, and its present representative, Nicholas II., stand now at a very critical and far-reaching point of their historical careers.

Since the above lines were written the situation has become still more critical. Up to the present moment the Ministers of the Czar have been merely his secretaries and advisers in their respective departments—responsible before him alone, but not before the country. Now they have stepped in as a "Ministry" which discusses and condemns the acts of the Czar. They have compelled him practically to withdraw his unfortunate military law about the students, which he had issued with Bogolépoff, the Minister of Public Instruction (killed since by Karpovitch), but without the consent of the Council of the State. They have prevented him from declaring a state of siege at St. Petersburg. And they have obtained an order that the St. Petersburg *préfet de police*, General Kleigelo, should be dismissed. He is sent in disgrace to be Governor in a remote province of Siberia.

The importance of these three steps cannot be overrated. For the first time in the history of Russia for the last hundred years, the Committee of the Ministers *has discussed* the orders of the Czar and disapproved them, acquiring thus a power which it never had before, and taking a responsibility before the country and not before the Czar. These are evidently the first germs of constitutional rule, which necessarily will bring about further ones.

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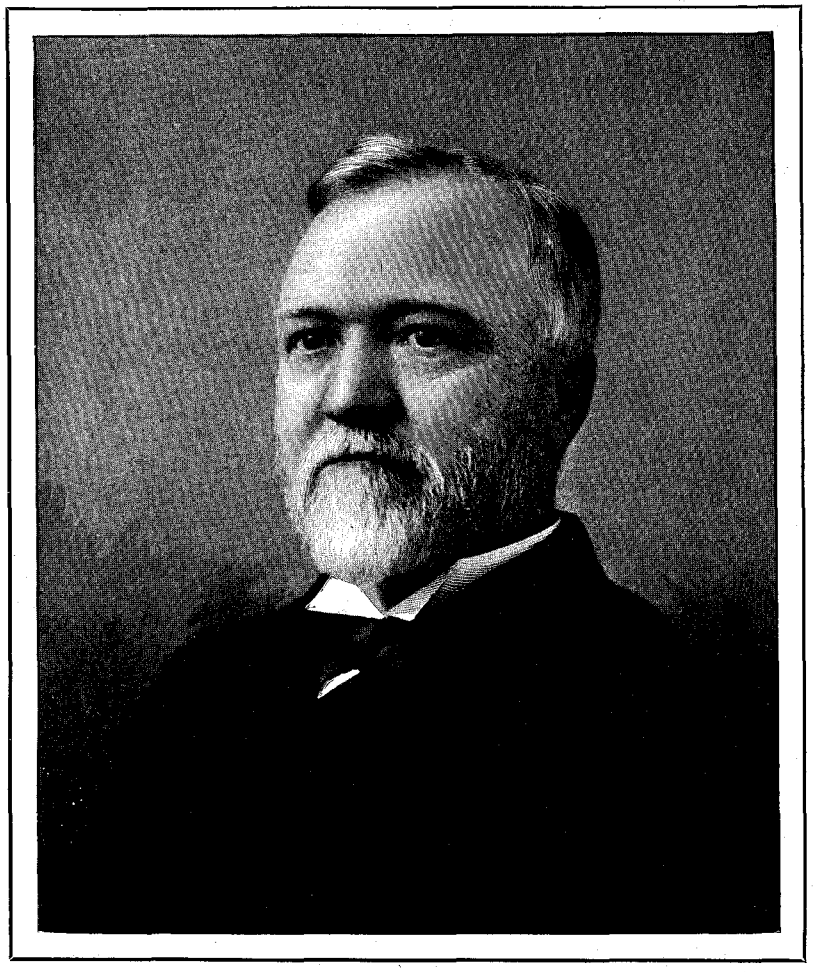

Andrew Carnegie

Mr. Andrew Carnegie's gifts of $5,000,000 for the use of his employees and $5,200,000 for sixty-five branch libraries in New York City illustrate the truth that the men who win great fortunes are more likely to give freely than those who inherit them. No prince in our century has given half as generously as have a dozen American millionaires. Mr. Carnegie is not by birth an American; but his father, a stanch republican in Scotland, was certainly American in spirit. This father was a master-weaver who came to America with his family ten years after the birth of Andrew (1835). The boy went to work in a cotton-factory at $1.25 per week, and later became a messenger-boy in a telegraph office, where he soon obtained promotion, and in time became interested financially in railway matters. Still later he had an interest in profitable oil-wells, and then entered the iron industry, in which he has built up the greatest establishment in the world. Nearly all Mr. Carnegie's gifts have been for educational ends. He has, he says, no desire to abolish poverty. "We should," he declares, "be quite willing to abolish luxury, but to abolish honest, industrious, self-denying poverty would be to destroy the soil upon which mankind produces the virtues which enable our race to reach a still higher civilization than it now possesses."

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THE FIGHT ON THE POLICE STATION STEPS
Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

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THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN[1]

An Autobiography

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "How the Other Half Lives," "A Ten Years' War," etc., etc.

Chapter III.—I go to War at Last, and Sow the Seed of Future Campaigns

AT sunset on the second day after my desertion of Pfeiffer I walked across a footbridge into a city with many spires, in one of which a chime of bells rang out a familiar tune. The city was New Brunswick. I turned down a side street where two stone churches stood side by side. A gate in the picket fence had been left open, and I went in looking for a place to sleep. Back in the churchyard I found what I sought in the brownstone slab covering the tomb of, I know now, an old pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church, who died full of wisdom and grace. I am afraid that I was not overburdened with either, or I might have gone to bed with a full stomach too, instead of chewing the last of the windfall apples that had been my diet on my two days' trip; but if he slept as peacefully under the slab as I slept on it, he was doing well. I had for once a dry bed, and brownstone keeps warm long after the sun has set. The night dews, and the snakes, and the dogs that kept sniffing and growling half the night in the near distance, had made me tired of sleeping in the fields. The dead were much better company. They minded their own business, and let a fellow alone.

Before sun-up I was on the tow-path looking for a job. Mules were in demand there, not men. The drift caught me once more, and toward evening cast me up at a country town then called Little Washington, now South River. How I got there I do not now remember. My diary from those days says nothing about it. Years after, I went back over that road and accepted a "lift" from a farmer going my way. We passed through a toll-gate, and I wondered how the keeper came to collect uneven money. We were two men and two horses. When I came back the day after, I found out. So many cents, read the weather-beaten sign that swung from the gate, for team and driver, so many for each additional beast. I had gone through as an additional beast.

A short walk from Little Washington I found work in Pettit's brick-yard at $22 a month and board. That night, when I turned in after a square meal, in an old wagon I had begged for a bed, I felt like a capitalist. I took to the wagon because one look within the barracks had shown them to be impossible. Whether it was that, or the fact that most of the other hands were Germans, who felt in duty bound to celebrate each victory over the French as it was reported day by day and so provoked me to wrath—from the first we didn't get on. They made a point, whenever they came back from their celebrations in the village, of dragging my wagon, with me fast asleep in it, down into the river, where by and by the tide rose and searched me out. Then I had to swim for it. That was of less account. Our costume was not elaborate—a pair of overalls, a woolen shirt, and a straw hat, that was all—and a wetting was rather welcome than otherwise; but they dubbed me Bismarck, and that was not to be borne. My passionate protest only made them laugh the louder. Yet they were not an ill-natured lot, rather the reverse. Saturday afternoon was our wash-day, when we all sported together in peace and harmony in the river. When we came out, we spread our clothes to dry on the roof of the barracks, while we burrowed each in a hill of white sand and smoked our pipes far into the night, with only our heads and the hand that held the pipe sticking out. That was for protection against mosquitoes. It must have been

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a sight, one of those Saturday night confabs, but it was solid comfort after the week's work.

Bricks are made literally while the sun shines. The day begins with the first glimmer of light in the east, and is not over till the "pits" are worked out. It was my task to cart clay in the afternoon to fill them up again. It was an idle enough kind of job. All I had to do was to walk alongside my horse, a big white beast with no joints at all except where its legs were hinged to the backbone, back it up to the pit, and dump the load. But, walking so in the autumn sun, I fell a-dreaming. I forgot claybank and pit. I was back in the old town—saw her play among the timber. I met her again on the Long Bridge. I held her hands once more in th.t last meeting—the while I was mechanically backing my load up to the pit and making ready to dump it. Day-dreams are out of place in a brick-yard. I forgot to take out the tail-board. To my amazement, I beheld the old horse skating around, making frantic efforts to keep its grip on the soil, then slowly rise before my bewildered gaze, clawing feebly at the air as it went up and over, backwards into the pit, load, cart, and all.

I wish for my own reputation that I could truly say I wept for the poor beast. I am sure I felt for it. But the reproachful look it gave me as it lay there on its back, its four feet pointing skyward, was too much. I sat upon the edge of the pit and shouted with laughter, feeling thoroughly ashamed of my levity. Mr. Pettit himself checked it, running in with his boys and demanding to know what I was doing. They had seen the accident from the office, and at once set about getting the horse out. That was no easy matter. It was not hurt at all, but it had fallen so as to bend one of the shafts of the truck like a bow. It had to be sawed in two to get the horse out. When that was done, the heavy ash stick, rebounding suddenly, struck one of the boys, who stood by, a blow on the head that laid him out senseless beside the cart.

It was no time for laughter then. We ran for water and restoratives, and brought him to, white and weak. The horse by that time had been lifted to his feet and stood trembling in every limb, ready to drop. It was a sobered driver that climbed out of the pit at the tail end of the procession which bore young Pettit home. I spent a miserable hour hanging around the door of the house waiting for news of him. In the end his father came out to comfort me with the assurance that he would be all right. I was not even discharged, though I was deposed from the wagon to the command of a truck of which I was myself the horse. I "ran out" brick from the pit after that in the morning.

More than twenty years after, addressing the students of Rutgers College, I told them of my experience in the brick-yard which was so near them. At the end of my address a gentleman came up to me and said, with a twinkle in his eye:

"So that was you, was it? My name is Pettit, and I work the brick-yard now. I helped my father get that horse out of the pit, and I have cause to remember that knock on the head." He made me promise sometime to tell him what happened to me since, and if he will attend now he will have it all.

I had been six weeks in the brick-yard when one day I heard of a company of real volunteers that was ready to sail for France, and forthwith the war fever seized me again. That night I set out for Little Washington, and the next morning's steamer bore me past the brick-yard, where the German hands dropped their barrows and cheered me on with a howl of laughter that was yet not all derision. I had kept my end up with them and they knew it. They had lately let my sleeping-car alone in the old barn. Their shouts rang in my ears, nevertheless, when I reached New York and found that the volunteers were gone, and that I was once more too late. I fell back on the French Consul then, but was treated very cavalierly there. I suppose I became a nuisance, for when I called the twelfth or twentieth time at the office in Bowling Green, he waxed wroth with sudden vehemence and tried to put me out.

Then ensued the only fight of the war in which I was destined to have a part, and that on the wrong side. My gorge rose at these continual insults. I grabbed the French Consul by the nose, and in a moment we were rolling down the oval stairs together, clawing and fighting for all we were worth. I know it was inex-

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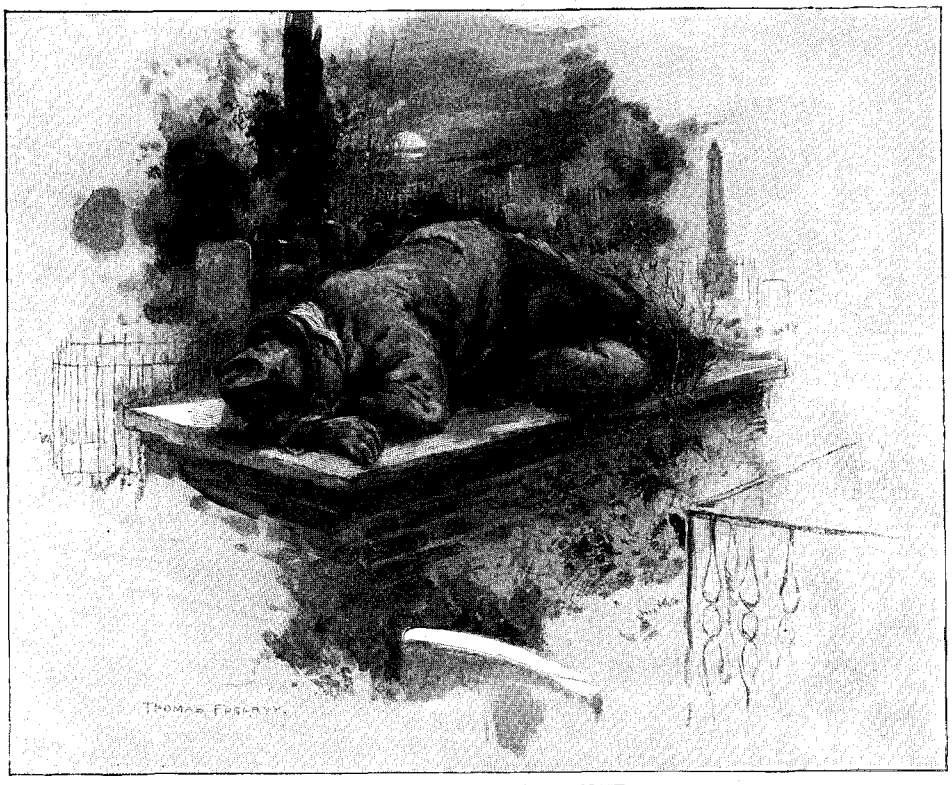

ASLEEP ON THE TOMBSTONE
Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

cusable, but consider the provocation; after all I had sacrificed to serve his people, to be put out the second time like a beggar and a tramp! I had this one chance of getting even, and that I took it was only human. The racket we made on the stairs roused the whole house. All the clerks ran out and threw themselves upon me. They tore me away from the sacred person of the Consul and thrust me out into the street bleeding and with a swollen eye to rage there, comforted only by the assurance that without a doubt both his were black. I am a little ashamed—not very much—of the fact that it comforts me even now to think of it. He really did me a favor, that Consul; but he was no good. He certainly was not.

It is to be recorded to the credit of my resolution, if not of my common sense, that even after that I made two attempts to get over to France. The one was with the captain of a French man-of-war that lay in the harbor. He would not listen to me at all. The other, and the last, was more successful. I actually got a job as stoker on a French steamer that was to sail for Havre that day in an hour. I ran all the way down to Battery Place, where I had my valise in a boarding-house, and all the way back, arriving at the pier breathless, in time to see my steamer swing out in the stream beyond my reach. It was the last straw. I sat on the stringpiece and wept with mortification. When I arose and went my way, the war was over, as far as I was concerned. It was that in fact, as it speedily appeared. The country which now, after thirty years of trial and bereavement, is still capable of the Dreyfus infamy, was not fit to hold what was its own. I am glad now that I did not go, though I cannot honestly say that I deserve any credit for it.

All my money was gone, and an effort I made to join a railroad gang in the Spuyten Duyvil cut came to nothing. Again I reinforced my credit with my revolver and the everlasting top-boots, but the two or three dollars they brought at the pawnshop were soon gone, and once more I was turned out in the street. It was now late in the fall. The brick-making season was over. The city was full

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of idle men. My last hope, a promise of employment in a human-hair factory, failed, and, homeless and penniless, I joined the great army of tramps, wandering about the streets in the daytime with the one aim of somehow stilling the hunger that gnawed at my vitals, and fighting at night with vagrant curs or outcasts as miserable as myself for the protection of some sheltering ash-bin or doorway. I was too proud in all my misery to beg. I do not believe I ever did. But I remember well a basement window at the down-town Delmonico's, the silent appearance of my ravenous face at which, at a certain hour in the evening, always evoked a generous supply of meat-bones and rolls from a white-capped cook who spoke French. That was the saving clause. I accepted his rolls as installments of the debt his country owed me, or ought to owe me, for my unavailing efforts in its behalf.

It was under such auspices that I made the acquaintance of Mulberry Bend, the Five Points, and the rest of the slum, with which there was in the years to come to be a reckoning. For half a lifetime afterward they were my haunts by day and by night, as a police reporter, and I can fairly lay claim, it seems to me, to a personal knowledge of the evil I attacked. I speak of this because, in a batch of reviews of "A Ten Years' War" which came yesterday from my publishers to me, there is one which lays it all to "maudlin sensitiveness" on my part. "The slum," says this writer, "is not at all so unspeakably vile," and measures for relief based on my arraignment "must be necessarily abortive." Every once in a while I am asked why I became a newspaper man. For one thing, because there were writers of such trash, who, themselves comfortably lodged, have not red blood enough in their veins to feel for those to whom everything is denied, and not sense enough to make out the facts when they see them, or they would not call playgrounds, school-houses, and better tenements "abortive measures." Some one had to tell the facts; that is one reason why I became a reporter. And I am going to stay one until the last of that ilk has ceased to discourage men from trying to help their fellows by the shortest cut they can find, whether it fits in a theory or not. I don't care two pins for all the social theories that were ever made unless they help to make better men and women by bettering their lot. I have had cranks of that order, who rated as sensible beings in the ordinary affairs of life, tell me that I was doing harm rather than good by helping improve the lot of the poor; it delayed the final day of justice we were waiting for. Not I. I don't propose to wait an hour for it, if I can help bring it on; and I know I can.

There! I don't believe I have read fifteen reviews of any of my books. Life is too short; but I am glad I did not miss that one. Those are the fellows for whom Roosevelt is not a good enough reformer; who chill the enthusiasm of mankind with a deadly chill, and miscall it method—science. The science of how not to do a thing—yes! They make me tired.

There is one particular doorway in Chatham Square, that of the old Barnum clothing-store, which I cannot pass even at this day without recalling those nights of hopeless misery with the policeman's periodic "Get up there! move on!" reinforced by a prod of his club or the toe of his boot. I slept there, or tried to when crowded out of the tenements in the Bend by their utter nastiness. Cold and wet weather had set in, and a linen duster was all that covered my back. There was a woolen blanket in my trunk which I had from home—the one, my mother had told me, in which I was wrapped when I was born; but the trunk was in the "hotel" as security for money I owed for board, and I asked for it in vain. I was now too shabby to get work, even if there had been any to get. I had letters still to friends of my family in New York who might have helped me, but hunger and want had not conquered my pride. I would come to them, if at all, as their equal, and, lest I fall into temptation, I destroyed the letters. So, having burned my bridges behind me, I was finally and utterly alone in the city, with the winter approaching and every shivering night in the streets reminding me that a time was rapidly coming when such a life as I led could no longer be endured.

It had rained all day, a cold October storm, and night found me, with the chill downpour unabated, down by the North River, soaked through and through, with no chance for a supper, forlorn and dis-

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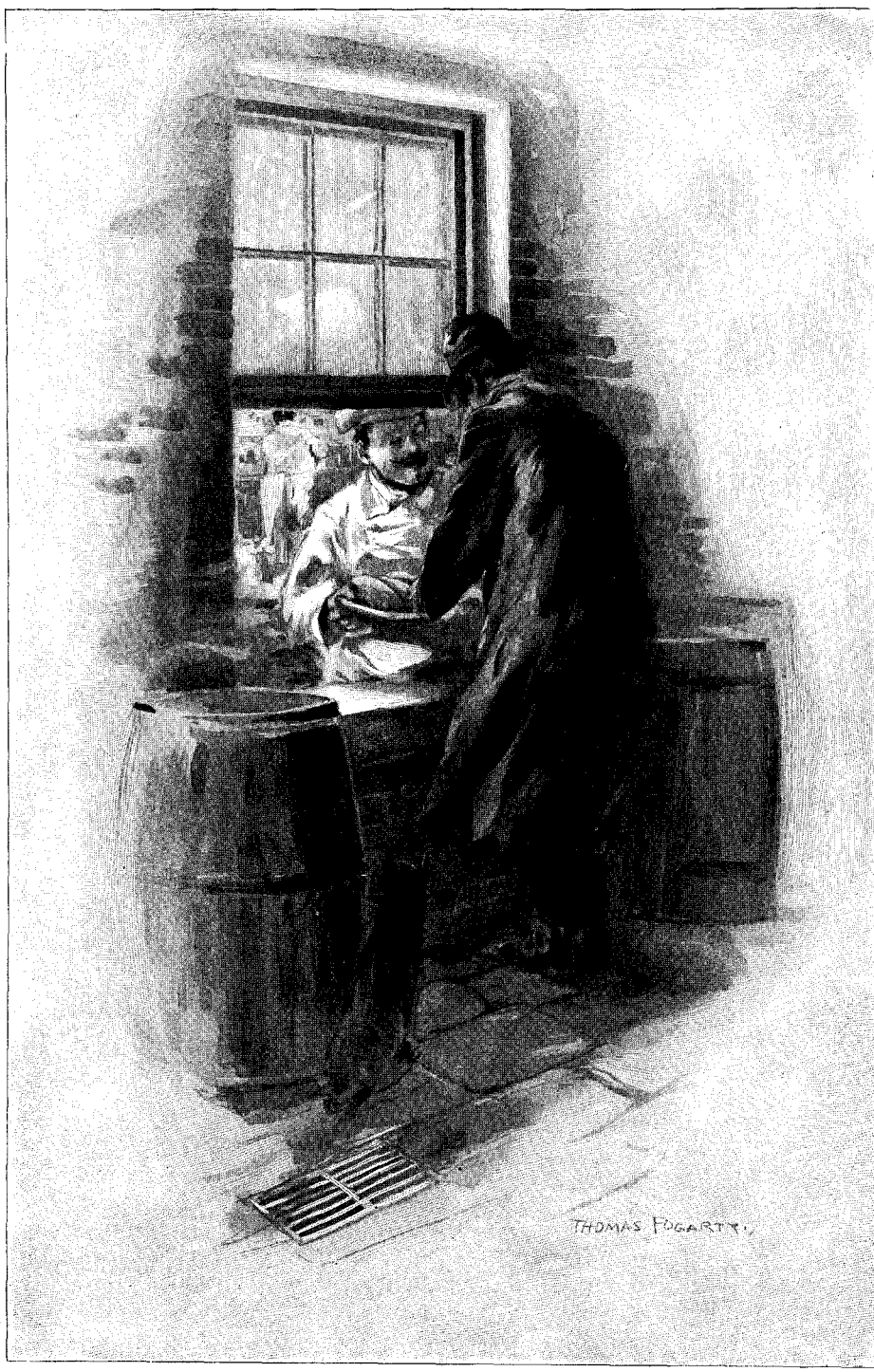

LUNCHING AT DELMONICO'S
Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

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couraged. I sat on the stringpiece, listening to the falling rain and the swish of the dark tide, and thinking of home. How far it seemed, and how impassable the gulf now between the "castle" with its refined ways, between her in her dainty girlhood and me sitting there, numbed with the cold that was slowly stealing away my senses with my courage. There was warmth and cheer where she was. Here—an overpowering sense of desolation came upon me. I hitched a little nearer the edge. What if—? Would they miss me much or long at home if no word came from me? Perhaps they might never hear. What was the use of keeping it up any longer with, God help us, everything against and nothing to back a lonely lad?

And even then the help came. A wet and shivering body was pressed against mine, and I felt rather than heard a piteous whine in my ear. It was my companion in misery, a little outcast black-and-tan, afflicted with fits, that had shared the shelter of a friendly doorway with me one cold night and had clung to me ever since with a loyal affection that was the one bright spot in my hard life. As my hand stole mechanically down to caress it, it crept upon my knees and licked my face, as if it meant to tell me that there was one who understood; that I was not alone. And the love of the faithful little beast thawed the icicles in my heart. I picked it up in my arms and fled from the tempter.

In the midnight hour we walked into the Church Street police station and asked for lodging. The rain was still pouring in torrents. The sergeant spied the dog under my tattered coat and gruffly told me to put it out, if I wanted to sleep there. I pleaded for it in vain. There was no choice. To stay in the street was to perish. So I left the dog out on the stoop, where it curled up to wait for me. Poor little friend! It was its last watch. The lodging-room was jammed with a foul and stewing crowd of tramps. A loud-mouthed German was holding forth about the war in Europe, and crowding me on my plank. Cold and hunger had not sufficed to put out the patriotic spark within me. It was promptly fanned into flame, and I told him what I thought of him and his crew. Some Irishmen cheered and fomented trouble, and the doorman came in threatening to lock us all up. I smothered my disgust at the place as well as I could, and slept, wearied nearly to death.

In the middle of the night I awoke with a feeling that something was wrong. Instinctively I felt for the little gold locket I wore under my shirt, with a part of the precious curl in it that was my last link with home. It was gone. I had felt it there the last thing before I fell asleep. One of the tramp lodgers had cut the string and stolen it. With angry tears I went up and complained to the sergeant that I had been robbed. He scowled at me over the blotter, called me a thief, and said that he had a good mind to lock me up. How should I, a tramp boy, have come by a gold locket? He had heard, he added, that I had said in the lodging-room that I wished the French would win, and he would only be giving me what I deserved if he sent me to the Island. I heard and understood. He was himself a German. All my sufferings rose up before me, all the bitterness of my soul poured itself out upon him. I do not know what I said. I remember that he told the doorman to put me out. And he seized me and threw me out of the door, coming after to kick me down the stoop.

My dog had been waiting, never taking its eyes off the door, until I should come out. When it saw me in the grasp of the doorman, it fell upon him at once, fastening its teeth in his leg. He let go of me with a yell of pain, seized the poor little beast by the legs, and beat its brains out against the stone steps.

At the sight a blind rage seized me. Raving like a madman, I stormed the police station with paving-stones from the gutter. The fury of my onset frightened even the sergeant, who saw, perhaps, that he had gone too far, and he called two policemen to disarm and conduct me out of the precinct, anywhere so that he got rid of me. They marched me to the nearest ferry and turned me loose. The ferry-master halted me. I had no money, but I gave him a silk handkerchief, the last thing about me that had any value, and for that he let me cross to Jersey City. I shook the dust of New York from my feet, vowing that I would never return, and, setting my face toward the west, marched straight out the first railroad track I came to.

And now, right here, begins the part of

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my story that is my only excuse for writing down these facts, though it will not appear for a while yet. The outrage of that night became, in the Providence of God, the means of putting an end to one of the foulest abuses that ever disgraced a Christian city, and a mainspring in the battle with the slum as far as my share in it is concerned. My dog did not die unavenged.

I walked all day, following the track, and in the afternoon crossed the big trestlework of the Jersey Central Railroad over Newark Bay, with my face set toward Philadelphia. I had friends there, distant relatives, and had at last made up my mind to go to them and ask them to start me afresh. On the road which I had chosen for myself I had come to the jumping-off place. Before night I found company in other tramps who had been over the road before and knew just what towns to go around and which to walk through boldly. Rahway, if I remember rightly, was one of those to be severely shunned. I discovered presently that I was on the great tramps' highway, with the column moving south on its autumn hegira to warmer climes. I cannot say I fancied the company. Tramps never had any attraction for me, as a sociological problem or otherwise. I was compelled, more than once, to be of and with them, but I shook their company as quickly as I could. As for the "problem" they are supposed to represent, I think the workhouse and the police are quite competent to deal with that, provided it is not a Tammany police. It does not differ appreciably from the problem of human laziness in any other shape or age. We got some light on that, which ought to convince anybody, when under Mayor Strong's administration we tried to deal intelligently with vagrancy. One-half of the homeless applicants for night shelter were fat, well-nourished young loafers who wouldn't work. That is not my statement, but the report of the doctor who saw them stripped, taking their bath. The bath and the investigation presently decreased their numbers, until in a week scarcely anything was left of the "problem" that had bothered us so.

Four days I was on the way to Philadelphia, living on apples and an occasional meal earned by doing odd jobs. At night I slept in lonely barns that nearly always had a board ripped out—the tramps' door. I tried to avoid the gang, but I was not always successful. I remember still with a shudder an instance of that kind. I was burrowing in a haymow, thinking myself alone. In the night a big storm came up. The thunder shook the old barn, and I sat up wondering if it would be blown away. A fierce lightning-flash filled it with a ghostly light, and showed me within arm's length a white and scared face with eyes starting from their sockets at the sight of me. The next moment all was black darkness again. My heart stood still for what seemed the longest moment of my life. Then there came out of the darkness a trembling voice asking, "Is anybody there?" For once I was glad to have a live tramp about. I really thought it was a ghost.

The last few miles to Camden I rode in a cattle-car, arriving there at night, much the worse for the wear of it on my linen duster. In the freight-yard I was picked up by a good-hearted police captain who took me to his station, made me tell him my story, and gave me a bed in an unused cell, the door of which he took the precaution to lock on the outside. But I did not mind. Rather that a hundred times than the pig-sty in the New York station-house. In the morning he gave me breakfast and money to get my boots blacked and to pay my fare across the Delaware. And so my homeless wanderings came, for the time being, to an end. For in Philadelphia I found in the Danish Consul, Ferdinand Myhlertz, and his dear wife, friends indeed as in need. The City of Brotherly Love found heart and time to welcome the wanderer, though at the time it was torn up by the hottest kind of fight over the question whether or not to disfigure the beautiful square at Broad and Market Streets by putting the new municipal building there.

When, after two weeks' rest with my friends, they sent me on my way to an old schoolmate in Jamestown, N. Y., clothed and in my right mind, I was none the worse for my first lesson in swimming against the current, and quite sure that next time I should be able to breast it. Hope springs eternal at twenty-one.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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MINIATURE PAINTING

PORTRAIT BY MACDOUGALL

by W. G. BOWDOIN

THERE is much of fascination in the exquisite art of miniature-painting, as practiced to-day. When a serious attempt is made to trace its origin, then it is that a very strong temptation is quickly developed to believe that alphabetic work in this field of art was done by primeval man.

Time, that great destroyer, has left intact but few examples of these earliest art results. Here and there, museums cherish certain artistic pictorial tracings on some of the implements and weapons of prehistoric man, which, in their small but vigorous outlines, doubtless contain the primary germs of graphic art. Whatever else may be said of these crude fragments that linger as surviving relics of the cave men, certain it is that they are characterized by freshness and a literal fidelity to nature. This is strikingly revealed in the likeness of the mammoth, the fight of the stags, the horses, bulls, and depicted reindeer, shown with a realism that in later years men lost in their hieroglyphics and symbols, and in the conventions that only too quickly became characteristic of both the animal and human forms that were introduced into their paintings and sculpture. In a few illuminated manuscripts of a very early date that have come down to us we catch glimpses of an art that strikingly adorns the pages of these manuscripts, but which must have passed through a transition stage of development before it reached the perfection at which we marvel in the manuscripts which have remained.

The name of Giovanni Cimabue, born in Florence in 1240, has long been used as a starting-point from which to reckon the new birth of pictorial art. That he did much in practice to lift it from the low level, the uncouth and barbaric style, of the Byzantine school which immediately preceded him, there is no doubt. Whether or not he or Giunta of Pisa came first may well be left to those to whom controversy is a sweet morsel. Under the stimulation of the achievements of Cimabue the feeble rushlight of art was rekindled, and it matters little whether he was first or second in point of time. He was sadly lacking when measured by present-day standards. His compositions were stiff, and he painted them on flat, gold backgrounds. Gold was also used by him for the portrayal of the high lights and for drapery. His work shows little or no knowledge of anatomy or of foreshortening. His figures are improperly proportioned, and their hands and feet are utterly impossible. There was, however, in spite of all these drawbacks, a certain life infused

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into his work, an expression, a serious reaching out after the truths of nature, that was entirely without manifestation in the work of other and preceding artists who had busied themselves in the centuries that came before him. Cimabue gave a slight turn to his subject's head, and, avoiding the round, staring eyes, he painted them very long and narrow. He subdued the expression in his faces, and made them rather faint. He boldly changed the vague system of color and added warmth to the flesh tints. What does it matter now that his work added but a timorous luster to the art that was subsequently merged into dazzling splendor?

The results he attained were so far in advance of those which had gone before that we can even now, in a measure, understand the joy with which the Florentine people received his picture of the Virgin, and how they carried it in processional, with music and with banner, through the streets of Florence to the Church of Santa Maria Novella, where it still remains. The fame of this great pioneer has been somewhat overshadowed by that of his illustrious pupil Giotto, whose name is perhaps the greatest in early Italian art. Cimabue found him as a tender shepherd lad, ten years of age, tending his father's flocks and sketching the sheep meanwhile upon a smooth piece of rock with a pointed stone. He was attracted by the boy, and asked him to go to the city and live and study with him. Thus romantically did Giotto's art life begin. Few, if any, other painters exerted so wide an influence as did Giotto. He was a personal friend of Dante's, and his life was crowded with notable achievements.

So comparatively little authentic work of these and others of the early art fathers

MINIATURE PORTRAIT OF MISS GRACE HALL
By Laura C. Hills.

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of the Renaissance now remains to us that we are for the most part obliged to rely upon their biographers for our knowledge of their productions. They are every one very interesting to us, inasmuch as they were all miniaturists and executed not only the dainty "miniatura" of the illumined manuscript, but frequently surrounded their larger compositions or adorned the "Predella" of their altar-pieces with tiny medallion pictures, deriving their *motifs* from the larger and central panel.

George Vasari, himself a Florentine painter of the sixteenth century, wrote a history of the lives of the most excellent painters, sculptors, and architects from 1300 to 1570, in which he describes many of these paintings "in little," comprising many small figures so carefully done that they look like miniatures. This term "in little" was generally in use during the seventeenth century to describe a portrait miniature or other small picture. Pepys thus uses the term in his famous "Diary." The word "miniatura" in its original sense had no reference to the size of the work, its signification being, rather, red lead, in which all the headings, capital letters, catchwords, etc., of the oldest manuscripts were drawn. The modern term "rubric" and "miniatura" have substantially the same significance.

MINIATURE BY W. J. WHITTEMORE
In Exhibition of 1901, New York.

Miniatures were variously painted upon card, vellum, copper, and, later, upon ivory, which last now remains the favorite base. Holbein painted miniatures. The art of miniature-painting in its specific glory was, however, particularly an English art, and its most famous disciples, except in the case of Holbein, were Englishmen. Nicholas Hilliard, the highly esteemed English miniaturist, cheerfully admits his debt to the great German artist, and boldly stated in a tract which he published: "Holbein's manner of limning I have ever imitated, and hold it for the best." With Hilliard, Oliver and Cooper have a place in the history of miniature art. They and their contemporaries have left us as rich legacies many portraits of Henry VII., Henry VIII., Queen Jane Seymour, Queen Anne of Denmark, Oliver Cromwell, Edward VI., Queen Elizabeth, James I., and other historic personages.

When the eighteenth century is reached, Engleheart, Smart, Edridge, Spencer, Humphrey, and Wood are notable as names that stand high as miniature-painters. Richard Cosway the master, and his two pupils, the Plimers, however, overshadow all the others. The work done by them is superb, and they have produced the finest results of a most prolific period. To many collectors, indeed, the trio are the only known miniaturists. With the very recent revival of interest in miniature-painting, and the considerable increase in the number of artists who are devoting attention to the practice of this branch of art, has also come a greatly increased respect for and appreciation of Cosway's work. He was a very rapid painter, and produced a large number of portraits. His miniatures are marked by the most definite characteristics, one of which is his persistent and repeated use of a special ultramarine or Antwerp blue—possibly an inspiration from Gainsborough. This cold, clear, and bright color appears and reappears, again and again, in his portraits. Other

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MINIATURE BY WILLIAM J. BAER

characteristics of Cosway's painting are a light, free, and very easy delineation of a subject's hair, suggested in masses rather than drawn in detail, and the portrayal of a brightness of the eyes, from which is skillfully obtained a gleam of pure white light. The limbs are well rounded and grained, while the draperies appear with an airy transparency that is transcendent and quite incomparable. In the collection of Cosway's work as a miniature-painter that has been formed by George A. Hearn, Esq., of New York, are to be found the largest number and the finest examples of this artist's work in the United States. An examination of the collection easily reveals wherein Cosway triumphed, and by inspection and study it becomes possible to understand at least something of the attention and favor that his work attracted and still attracts. There are a few choice examples of Cosway's miniatures in the Lazarus collection at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Many copies of the work of this master are to be found, and great caution is required, in buying examples of his miniatures, to make sure of genuineness. Except in one instance, he never signed a miniature on its face. They are, however, frequently signed at the back, and generally with a rather elaborate signature. A genuine Cosway is worth a large sum of money, but, being rare, is well worth securing.

Andrew and Nathaniel Plimer were under the instruction of Cosway. Andrew was Cosway's greatest pupil. His miniatures resemble those of his master in general style and color, but there is a brilliancy about them, coupled and associated with hard, defined outline, wiriness of hair, and clear brightness or sparkle of eye, that is contrastingly noticeable and characteristic. The two masters had differing methods; Cosway's touch being free, easy, broad brush work, while Plimer's was much more stippling in character and tendency.

The greatest miniaturist of the nineteenth century undoubtedly was Andrew Robertson. His pictures were well hung at the Academy from the very first. Certain

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of them attracted much attention and brought him into high repute. He originated the cabinet size of miniature, and most of his work was done in this size, which was much larger than had previously been customary. His portraits are notable because of their size, their power, and the brilliancy of their colorings. From the time of Robertson a gradual decline in the art is perceptible, due largely to the fact that a conventionality that was ever increasing seems to have been demanded. Sir William C. Ross was the last of the masters, and even with him the decadence of miniature-painting had begun. He was partial to the use of very large pieces of ivory, and the largest-sized miniatures that are known are the work of Ross. His pictures were not pleasing because of the stiff and formal ugliness of the contemporaneous fashions. His portraits are, however, admirable likenesses, in spite of the fact that his color is often crude and ill judged and his drawing was irregular. Photography irreparably injured the art of miniature-painting, and when Ross was stricken with paralysis the last great artist was removed, and miniature-painting, so fascinating and beautiful, passed into subordination to a mechanical portraiture which became its popular substitute.

RICHARD COSWAY, BY HIMSELF
Collection of G. A. Hearn.

It was, however, not alone in England that miniature-painting obtained favor. The history of the rise and progress of this painting "in little" in France and elsewhere is not without allurement. It is by no means as easy to follow, nor is the development sequence as pronounced, as is the case in England. The influence of the missal painter and illuminator was quite as great as, possibly greater than, in England, but while in the last-named country an unbroken series of artists was produced, in the process of time in France, and elsewhere on the Continent, many artists arose who painted miniatures truly, but in a somewhat casual or desultory manner. The Clouets were the earliest French miniaturists. Following them were a host of miniature-painters who have been described and illustrated in Propert's masterly "History of Miniature Art." During the Louis XVI. period the school was large, and some of the artists rose to considerable fame. Jean Sicardi figured very extensively during this time, and his name frequently appears on the register of Louis XVI. Other examples of French work might be quoted as typical examples of some of the many miniaturists who worked on French soil before and after him. They all indicate something of the French achievement, and are interesting to compare with Cosway's work and the products of the modern school.

The province of the miniature is of a very different character from that of the multiple canvases that come from the easels and brushes of artists. The miniature is particularly adapted to portraiture. The very size of it lends to it the possibilities of romance and sentiment impossible with a larger painting, and now, as in earlier times, the miniature can be, and often is, a solace and a perpetual reminder of an absent friend, relative, or dear one.

Carried next to the heart, the miniature becomes an inspiration that speaks with an eloquent, if a silent, tongue. To be idealistic, therefore, a miniature should be the result of a most careful and constant study. In our day the rules no longer obtain that once prescribed the very setting of colors on the palette, the limiting of pigment variation to vermilion and ochre, blue-black and Indian red, which had to do duty for all ages and complexions; and we now smile at the grave printed directions that were sometimes set forth, in all seriousness, of how to finish a head in three sittings—the first of two hours, the second of from four to five, and the last of three hours in duration, and so on, until even the novice

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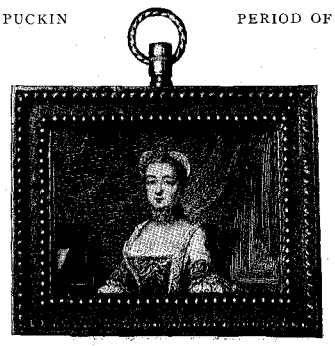
MADAME RECAMIER, BY PUCKIN

PERIOD OF LOUIS XV., BY SICARDI



MINIATURE BY DE VILLERS

DANIEL WEBSTER, BY STEPHENS

LAMARTINE, BY DEMACEY

A GROUP OF EARLY MINIATURES

From the collection of E. F. Bonaventure, Esq.

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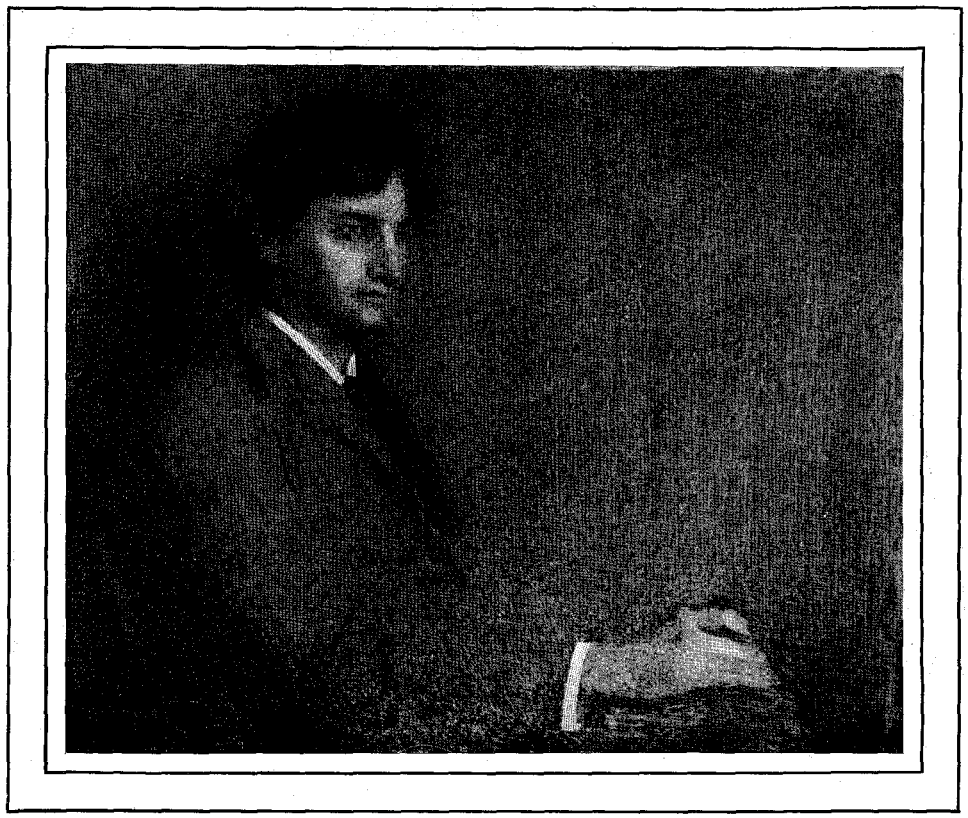
perceives the absurdity of it all, from a truly artistic point of view.

A miniature should have a treatment as broad as a life-sized portrait. It should be fearless, and it ought to have life and vigor. Many miniatures are thus wanting, but they have a value immeasurably subordinate to those which are not so lacking. It is, perhaps, permissible to accent the subject's eyes somewhat in a miniature painting.

To paint the best miniature requires a careful training, an intimate knowledge of anatomy, and not only as much but often far more skill in modeling than is required to paint any other kind of portrait. A great miniaturist, in short, must create, not alone copy. He must be a colorist of originality, but must avoid the tendency to over-coloration. He must come into personal contact with his sitter; and, as a finality, he must put into the portrait his own characteristics and his ablest work. Ivory is particularly well adapted for the base upon which to delineate the human form and features. Its soft and sensitive surface responds readily to the touch of the brush, and the colors can, when properly handled, be made to appear both rich and brilliant. Notwithstanding the fact that miniature-painting is a limited art, it has certain peculiar possibilities which lie within it and are not to be found outside of it. The creamy soft tints of ivory are sought after in vain in water-colors or in oils. They lurk in the ivory alone, and it should in consequence be made to figure and to show through as much as possible. It is thus easy to reach a warmth and depth in places and by means impossible in any other way or by any other process. A miniature is designed to be viewed with most satisfaction and best results at a distance of not more than two feet from the eye.

The history of miniature-painting of the present generation, in this country, began with the work done in this field by Miss Laura C. Hills and Mr. William J. Baer, both of whom were inspired by a



MINIATURE PORTRAIT OF BLISS CARMAN
By Theodora W. Thayer.

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MINIATURE BY ISAAC A. JOSEPHI
In the 1901 Exhibition of the Society of Miniature-Painters, New York.

love of small things and an appreciation and admiration for the paintings of the old masters which is more or less reflected in their work.

There was a revival of a demand for portraits on ivory, and, following the lead of the artists named above, in 1895 and 1896 a little band of enthusiastic workers at "painting in little" sprang up, and, step by step, there came into being what must now be recognized as a well-defined American school of miniature-painters—a school which differs essentially from all other departments of art, and which has been characterized by sincerity of purpose, originality, creative ability, and careful detail finish. The serious following secured by Miss Hills and Mr. Baer was large enough to warrant the formation of a society that is entirely composed of miniature-painters. A year ago, in February, 1900, the American Society of Miniature-Painters showed at the Knoedler Gallery in New York City a most interesting and excellent collection of portraits and pictures. The second annual exhibition of this Society has just been given at the same gallery. It began on Saturday, February 2, and continued until Saturday, February 16, inclusive. Work from photographs was rightly excluded, and the showing was strictly limited to original miniature paintings. Those whose names are associated with this youthful Society, and who are striving with it, as officers and members, toward the improvement of miniature-painting as an art, are William J. Baer, Miss Alice Beckington, Miss

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Lydia Field Emmet, Mrs. Lucia Fairchild Fuller, Miss Laura Combs Hills, Isaac A. Josephi, John A. MacDougall, Miss Theodora W. Thayer, Mrs. Virginia Reynolds, and William J. Whittemore. If the achievements of the past five or six years have not been extraordinary, they have at least been full of encouragement.

The miniature has much of charm within itself to commend it to favorable notice, and when to the peerless surface of the creamy ivory the master hand has added the deft touch of color, there remains a portraiture that seems to reproduce the bosom's rise and fall, and the palpitations of the very heart. The picture easily seems to breathe, and by means of color, and the skillful massing of it, from the flat ivory rises the portrait into relief that radiates light even as does the smooth, polished flesh. Ivory thus treated, in the craft of miniature-painting, is best adapted to the simulation of the bloom of youth or the art-counterfeiting of the white shoulders of women and children. Rosalba, who first introduced the use of ivory as a medium upon which to paint miniatures, thus established an unassailable claim to a cherished memory, not only by those who paint, but also on the part of all those for whom paintings on the ivory are made.

MINIATURE BY CHARLES ROSE

Mr. Baer has chosen to erect a very high standard in miniature-painting. He makes his preliminary studies with exceeding care, and ignores entirely the classic rules that once governed the art. His models are encouraged to reach and maintain a natural pose; and in order to aid and abet the attainment of this essential state or condition, all sorts of cunning devices are used by him. An assumption of indifference, even of frivolousness, is often necessary on the painter's part, and the diplomacy of a Talleyrand must often be compassed. In the midst of it all, however, the miniaturist must be constantly upon the alert and have the skill to catch and fix the desired but fleeting expression which, it may be, comes not more than once. With Mr. Baer it has always been, as it should be, the observation of nature first, and the study of such examples of Malbone, Stagg, and others as he was able to find in the various New York collections, second.

Miniature-painting had a story to tell us in its first conception; it has been an interesting serial down through the ages, and in its best development it has still something to say that has a basis of inspiration. It is because of this that the art has vitality. In spite of periods of decadence, it can have healthy revivals, and under favorable conditions take again the place that belongs to it in an art sense. As one means of preserving the records of costume as well as of portraiture, the miniature has great value. Many of the older families tenderly cherish, as priceless treasures, heirlooms in miniatures that show not only the ancestral faces, but the ancestral adornments and the wealth of drapery or the poverty of it, as the case may be. It is pleasing and instructive to contrast and compare the miniatures of Richard Cosway with those of Jean Sicardi and Puckin, as well as with those of the artists of our day, and to see how far and in what direction the artistic ideals differed. Isabey skillfully contrived to add to his pictures an atmosphere that heightened the effect and was most flattering to his patrons. Cosway, it has been claimed, saw most women through his favorite type, which was that of a nymph, or possibly a fauness, while in our own country Malbone refined his sitters by imparting to them an air of reserve and dignity. It is a pleasure to think that the revival of miniature-painting is now so full of promise.

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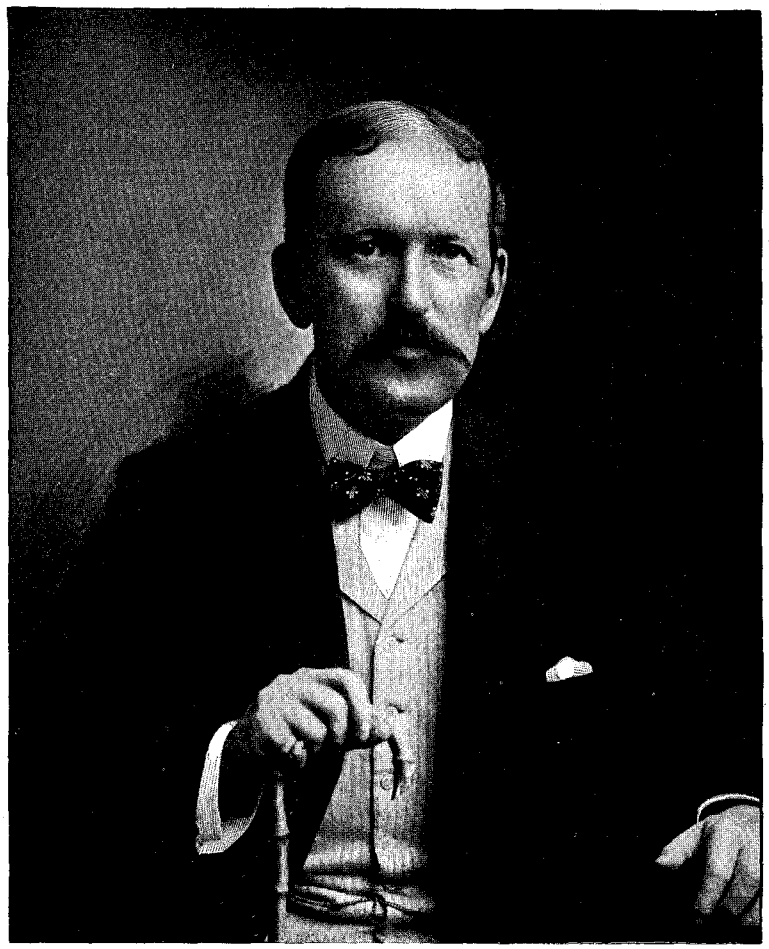

William Woodville Rockhill

Sixteen and seventeen years ago Mr. William Woodville Rockhill was Secretary of Legation at Peking. In 1885 he became Chargé d'Affaires in Korea, and during the two succeeding years he made important journeys in China, exploring many remote regions of Mongolia and Tibet. As Special Commissioner of the United States to China, he is now again in a part of the world which he knows well. In his former residence and journeys there he became familiar, not only with the official language, but also with some of the dialects commonly spoken. In the early nineties he was Chief Clerk in the State Department at Washington, then Third and finally First Assistant Secretary of State. He has published various works on Asiatic subjects, showing an especially intimate knowledge of China and its inhabitants. His particular duty at this time has been to represent the United States in China, first during the period when Mr. Conger, our Minister at Peking, was imprisoned at that capital, and since then in a special diplomatic capacity. Mr. Rockhill is not, as yet at least, a successor to Mr. Conger, but simply a Special Commissioner, his functions being limited to certain negotiations with the Chinese Government and with the representatives of the Allied Powers for a settlement of the difficulties arising from the Boxer troubles.

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True Blue

By Shan F. Bullock

[Mr. Bullock's name is known to many of our readers as that of the author of several vivid tales of Irish life. "The Barrys" and "Ring o' Rushes" are among his most successful books. With reference to the story here printed, and to another from Mr. Bullock's pen which will soon appear in The Outlook, it may be well to say that the author is incidentally depicting the intense feeling of the ultra-opinionated Orangemen against all Protestants whose worship to their minds was tolerant of Roman Catholicism because not of the "true blue" stamp; hence the phrase "Papish Minister."—THE EDITORS.]

LATE one November night came a knocking at the Minister's door. His wife, lying sleepless beside him, fighting the pain which made her life so hard, heard the knocking first, the sound of it rising hollow through the darkness; but she did not wake him, for he had been far in the day and was weary. Let him sleep; the morning will do, she thought; and held her breath, striving, you might think, to hush the sound. But the knocking continued, louder, harsher; and with that she laid a hand upon his shoulder and shook him gently.

"James," she said. "James! James! There's some one calling."

Her voice woke him instantly. Again the knocking sounded in the darkness. Quickly he rose, lit the candle, and dressed himself. "Has it been long, Mary?" he asked.

"No; not very long. Oh, I hope it's nothing serious. It's so cold and dark."

The Minister did not answer. He was wondering who had called. Cold and darkness were nothing; somewhere a soul was waiting.

"Wrap yourself warm, James. Perhaps you need not go to-night. You'll find candles in the hall," she called through the open doorway; then lay quiet and listening. She heard him go down the stairs, heard the bolt clatter back, heard a murmur of voices, heard his footsteps once more on the stairs.

"Who is it?" she said, eagerly watching his face.

He put down the candle and fetched the wraps that always hung ready. "It's poor old Bryan of Gool. He's dying."

"He! And you're going, James?"

"Yes, Mary. He wants me."

"But, James—"

"My dear, he wants me. I must go." He came and kissed her, bade her be patient, and commended her to the care of God; then, leaving the candle burning, hurried away. And as he went, her spirit kept him company.

Outside in the darkness and cold a man stood waiting by the gate. Together they went down the avenue, and through the wood, and came to a boat that lay by the shore. The Minister stepped in and sat down in the stern; the man pushed off and took to the oars; swiftly the boat shot out upon the lake and headed for the wilds of Gool.

It was mighty dark. Great clouds hung low beneath the stars. A sharp wind drove from the north and swept dolefully in among the trees. On this hand stretched the lone blackness of waters, hungering for a life; on that lay the long rampart of the shore echoing back the clang of oars; away in front were miles of water, studded thick with wooded islands; among the trees on the hillside a candle shone out. The Minister turned to look at the light; then, whispering a prayer, wrapped closer his cloak and bent his head to face the bitter wind. It was searching cold, but the candlelight warmed him; and in the flow of thought that came he forgot the cold. Always, one remembers, he had that gift of losing himself—of forgetting his body. Now, out on the lake, closed in by the night, he sat like one asleep, looking straight before him, past that silent figure swaying on the thwart, out into the gloom.

He wondered much, not that Bryan should call, but that Bryan should call him. He was glad; he prayed God that he should be in time; yet the man in him wondered. How often he had tried and failed; been beaten off as with stinging whips! Nothing had availed, no patience, no persistence; always he had failed. The man seemed hopeless, inhumanly wicked; blasphemous, foul-mouthed, unprincipled. Himself he had treated as an

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enemy and used vilely. In all the parish was none so wicked, in the world could be few that matched him. That evil old face, seamed and lined, brimming with evil; that great loose mouth with its horrible tongue; the leering eyes, the crooked smile, the knotted hands: how the man was burnt into his brain! He saw him now and heard him; remembered all he had said and done. There he stood crouched in the doorway, setting the dogs on "the Papish Minister." There he sat by the hearth, doubled over his knees and spreading his hands to the blaze, leering round sometimes and speaking horribly with a cackle of laughter. Now he looked up from a pew, scoffing even in God's house; now broke into a ribald song or a mockery of prayer. "The Papish Minister:" 'twas Bryan who first had called him that, God knew how cruelly. . . . And now he was dying, and he called him. "Bring me the Minister from Curleck," he had said, and would take no denial. It made joyful hearing. He was very glad. He prayed God that he should be in time. Yet sometimes, on the way, wrapped in by the darkness, the man in him wondered.

They came at last to the wilds of Gool; landed, pulled high the boat, and turned up through the dreary fields. The path was deep in mire, right and left ran the gaunt, bare hedges beaten by the wind, nothing alive stirred in the darkness, and in it burnt a single light up on the hillside in a window of Bryan's house. Just a glimmer in the blackness—only that; yet towards it the Minister strode breathlessly, splattered to the beard.

They went through a gap, down a trampled lane, across a noisome yard; without halt or ceremony, it being no time for either, lifted the latch and entered the kitchen. A lamp burnt on the wall; a peat fire blazed on the hearth; here and there upon stools and chairs about the tiled floor sat men and women, smoke-dried natives of the wilds, who, at sight of the Minister, shuffled to their feet and silently eyed him. They owed him little; many, as he well knew, distrusted him. He bade them good-night, then crossed the floor and spoke to a woman who stood with her back to a closed door.

"Am I in time?" asked the Minister.

"Yes, sir." The woman turned to the door; hesitated in turning the handle; looked round. "He's very strange, sir," she whispered. "I don't know what to make of him. He's dyin', but—"

A voice rose beyond the door. "Is that the Minister?" it said. "Bring him to me—bring him to me." And with that the woman opened the door and the Minister passed through.

It was a small, low-ceiled room, bare of ornament or comfort, stuffy, and lighted with a single candle flickering upon a table. Facing the door was a little square window; below it stood a painted chair, and beside the chair, stretching along the whitewashed wall, a narrow bed upon which Bryan lay dying.

He was a wizened old man, grizzled and unshaven, with a square face and great loose mouth; a little Ancient, hunched and broken, propped against a pillow, his hands lying upon the blue and white counterpane, and a woolen nightcap on his head. Death was surely near to him. His face was gray, his breath unsteady. But he was unmastered yet, and he lay arrayed as for a festival. Across his shoulders was a brilliant orange and blue sash with a rosette flaming upon it; around his throat was knotted an orange scarf; facing him, and propped against the bed-foot, stood a gaudy print of William III. on his famous white charger, in a walnut frame. So, a strange and pitiful spectacle, he lay, his eyes fast on the Minister, a grim smile on his face; and, by the bed-foot, the Minister stood looking at him, dumb with amaze. Was it for this he had been called? For this!

In a minute Bryan raised a hand and pointed at the chair.

"Come over and sit down," he said. "I want to speak to ye."

The Minister put his hat upon the table and sat down.

"Ye didn't expect to find me like this," Bryan continued, only his face revealing the presence of death. "Naw. Ye thought to find me cryin' about me sins, an' askin' your pardon, an' ready for your prayers. Ay. Aw, to be sure." He laughed, with his eyes on the bed-foot; then plucked at the scarf and looked round. "I suppose you've brought cross and holy water," he said. "You'd like to confess me, maybe?"

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The Minister said nothing, but his lips kept moving.

"The Papish Minister," Bryan continued; "that's the name I gave ye once on a time—an' now you're here to see the end o' me. Ay. When they said I was doomed and wanted advice, I sent for ye. 'Bring the Papish Minister,' says I, till I show him how a True Blue can die.' An' here I am. Look at me. Here I am."

The Minister sat quiet, his lips moving.

"You're prayin' there," Bryan went on; 'but I want no prayin'. I'm sure, sir. True Blue are always sure. I fear nothin'. If I'm to die, I'm to die; an' the Lord'll think no worse o' me for dyin' as I've lived. *Orange and blue:* there's me principles. *Queen and country:* there's me sentiments. '*The glorious, pious, an' immortal memory:*' them's the words o' me creed, an' I'll die shoutin' them. Good boy! good boy!" cried Bryan, striving to sit upright, and waving a hand towards the bed-foot. "Ye kicked the Pope, boy. Ye freed us o' brass money an' wooden shoes. Good boy! good boy!" cried Bryan; then broke into pitiful quavering of an Orange song:

"'July the first, at Oldbridge town,
There was a grievous battle,
Where many men lay on the groun',
An' cannons they did rattle.'

"That's it—that's it . . . An' cannons they did—" His voice trailed out. Cold sweat broke upon his forehead. He sank back upon the pillows, panting for life; and as he sank the picture toppled forward on his feet.

Then the Minister rose. Gently he raised the old man's head and wiped his face; brought water and moistened his lips; straightened the pillow and smoothed the bedclothes; then arranged the sash on Bryan's shoulder, and loosened the scarf about his throat, and lifted the fallen picture and stood it against the bed-foot. Silently Bryan lay watching him, a softer light in his eyes, a calmer look upon his face—silently lay listening to the Minister as he sat by the candle reading softly from his pocket Bible.

No sound was in the house save the sound of the Minister's voice, full and musical, rich with pity and emotion; nothing stirred outside in the big, dark world, save the wind moaning round the window.

Much and long he read, from the Psalms and the Prophets, from the Gospels and the Epistles, choosing passages here and there, and simple verses, and chapters that told of God's love to sinful men. Sometimes he stopped to explain a word; and then Bryan nodded, saying, "Ay, ay." Sometimes before turning a page he looked up; and Bryan nodded again, saying, "Give me more. Give me more." At last he laid the Bible by the candle, knelt by the bedside, and prayed.

He was not eloquent; words came slowly, but they came from his heart, alive and earnest. Outside in the kitchen the watchers heard him, and sat with bowed heads. By the door Bryan's daughter knelt listening, her face in her hands. Through the darkness the wind mourned and cried, creeping about the window with dreary voice. In the shadow Bryan lay hearkening, hands folded across the orange sash, eyes closed, peace upon his withering face.

In a while the Minister rose, and, bending across the bed, smoothed Bryan's pillow and spoke.

"Are you comfortable, Bryan?"

"Ay. Aw, yes."

"How do you feel, Bryan?"

"Better. Ay, I'm better." He lay staring at the bed-foot for a time, then looked round. "I take that back," he said.

"What, Bryan?"

"That about the Papish Minister. Man, I wronged ye. I thought—I thought . . . I wronged ye. Always I've done ye harm. I sent for ye the night, meanin' to give ye defiance an' to shame ye—an' you've done this for me! . . . I take it back, Minister, I take it back. . . . Mabbe you'll forgive me?"

"There's nothing to forgive, Bryan. God only asks forgiveness."

"Ay. God only—God only—"

"Tell me what I'm to do."

"Read me more, an' pray for me—pray for me."

So the Minister read more, and prayed again; and after a while Bryan's hand came out, groping for his.

"Hold me," said Bryan. "Grip me tight. Keep me—keep me."

And all through the night the Minister sat gripping Bryan tight and praying silently—held him till death struck with the dawn.

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THE RIVER ROAD

Valley Forge as a National Park

By Edward W. Hocker

PROPOSALS that Congress shall establish a National Park at Valley Forge are timely, in view of the failure of the State of Pennsylvania to carry out its plans to convert this historic spot into a State Park. To-day the condition of neglect apparent on the hills and fields of Valley Forge recalls one marked feature of the patriot army's dark winter of 1777–78. For when Washington and his 11,000 ragged, sick, and starving followers were here, their hardships were intensified by the unsympathetic attitude of some of the people of Pennsylvania.

Despite the fact that in Philadelphia many important events of the Revolution had their inception, the doctrine of non-resistance was so formidable a part of the religious beliefs of the Quaker, Mennonite, and Dunker inhabitants of the Keystone State that it not infrequently was the cause of grave vexation to Washington and the military leaders of the American cause. Furthermore, the State Assembly protested to Congress against the proposed cantonment of the army, and the Conway conspiracy sought to displace the Commander-in-Chief. Washington, in a letter to Landon Carter, deplored the "disaffection of a greater part of the inhabitants of this State, the languor of others, and internal distraction of the whole."

And now, a century and a quarter later, when visitors from distant parts of the Nation come to Valley Forge, they marvel at Pennsylvania's indifference towards these historic scenes. Although innumerable relics of the encampment exist, all are practically inaccessible, with the exception of Washington's headquarters. Brambles, dense thickets and woods cover the forts and breastworks, and only the hunter and the woodchopper penetrate them. A single marked grave remains, but it is in the middle of a cultivated farm. Cellars of the soldiers' huts are to be found in the recesses of the woods, but there is no path to them. Nor is there a marker or a monument anywhere to indicate the lines of fortifications or the site of the camp grounds of the various brigades.

Without a guide a visit to Valley Forge is fruitless. Moreover, even the effort to hire a guide fails almost invariably, for the natives seem to regard with amazement the interest that impels any one to climb these hills, and none has yet attempted to put in operation any of the schemes usual in historic places to induce the visitor to part with his cash.

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A strange fact in this chapter of indifference is that on the encampment site the State of Pennsylvania owns a large part of the land that is in the most forlorn condition. In 1893 the State Legislature appropriated $25,000 to convert Valley Forge into a State Park. A commission was appointed for the purpose, which paid out the $25,000 for a tract of about two hundred and twenty acres. Every succeeding Legislature having refused to make further appropriations, the Park Commission became dormant, and the land that had been acquired was neglected, so that many a nook about which clustered glorious associations was lost to sight, while formerly it had been preserved through the pride of private owners. The State Park site, therefore, is now a region as wild as it was when the Continental soldiers built their huts there.

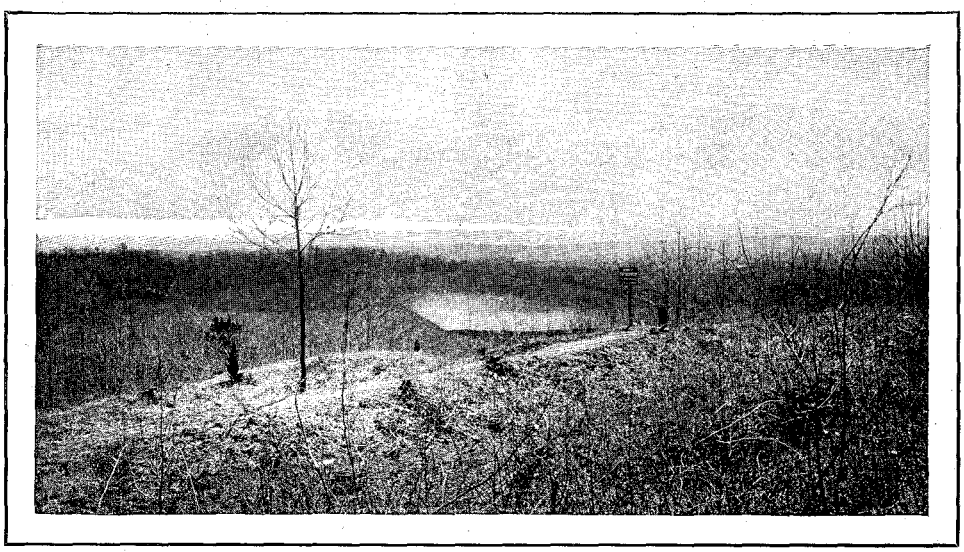
While Pennsylvania thus has land but no funds, Rhode Island, on the other hand, though having the necessary funds, tried in vain to get land at Valley Forge.

Several years ago, when it transpired that the solitary grave at Valley Forge, marked by a stone bearing the letters "J. W." and the date "1778," was that of John Waterman, Commissary of the Rhode Island Brigade, the Legislature of that State appropriated $10,000 for a monument at the grave. It so happened that the owner of the farm on which the grave is situated had been dropped from the Pennsylvania Park Commission, apparently for political reasons. None of his lands had been secured by Pennsylvania, and when Rhode Island took up the monument project, he offered to give that State the land about the grave, provided Rhode Island would agree that the Pennsylvania Commission should never obtain control of the tract. Deeming such a condition discourteous toward Pennsylvania, the offer was declined, and an effort was made to buy the necessary land. But the owner refused to sell, and so the Rhode Island monument has not been erected.

A few months ago the New York Daughters of the Revolution took charge of the Waterman monument project. They accepted the gift of the land which Rhode Island had declined; and, with the aid of the Society in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Massachusetts, a fund has been raised for a memorial tablet at the grave. This is to be dedicated on April 23, and it will be the first monument erected at Valley Forge.

Meanwhile, the Pennsylvania park plans having evidently come to naught, it was proposed to create a National park and a military post at Valley Forge. Bills have been introduced in the Senate and House at Washington, appropriating $200,000 to carry out the suggestion, and the movement is urged by an association composed of representatives of various patriotic organizations.

The present effort is probably the most determined of many attempts to perpetuate



THE REMAINS OF FORT WASHINGTON

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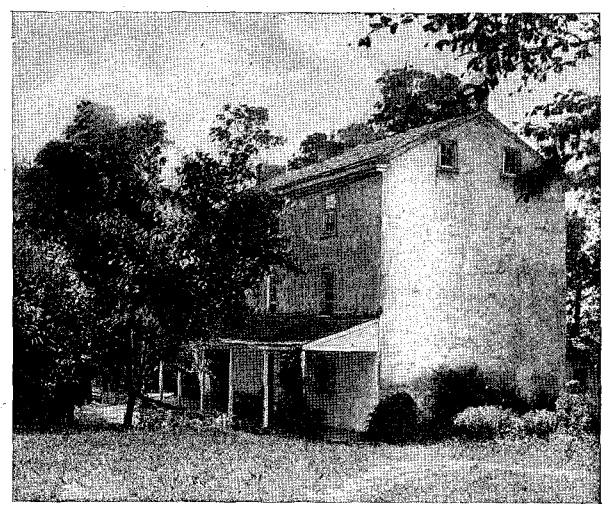
HEADQUARTERS OF GENERALS STEUBEN AND DUPORTAIL



HEADQUARTERS OF GENERALS VARNUM AND DEKALB

in a substantial manner the inspiring story of Valley Forge. As a rule, heretofore the results attained have been far short of those sought, and relics of failures in this direction are to be seen at Valley Forge side by side with the Revolutionary remains. Most conspicuous of these is the foundation of a church on one of the hills. In 1885 work was begun here on the erection of a Baptist memorial church, for which subscriptions were asked throughout the country. Immediately after the corner-stone had been laid the building operations suddenly ceased. Then the clergyman in charge left the vicinity, and the congregation was dissolved. Now the corner-stone, with its patriotic inscription, prominently capping the ruins of the unfinished memorial, bears indication that it is used as a target by the gunners who traverse the hills.

To some extent because of the very indifference of man, nature's kindly provisions have preserved Revolutionary sites and mementoes on the Valley Forge hills, and undoubtedly many of these will be revealed when once an effort is made to clear away the dense woods. Had the land here been suitable for farming, every vestige of the earthworks would, without question, have disappeared long ago, as did the more advanced lines on less sterile ground. But the main body of the army spent the months from December, 1777, to June, 1778, on the rugged, stony slopes where only chestnut and cedar trees and the trailing arbutus find sustenance.

About ten years ago the officers of a Philadelphia militia regiment sought to inspire their men with patriotism by holding the summer camp at Valley Forge. But the one imperishable recollection those militiamen retain of their camp at Valley Forge is not that of the historic surroundings, but of the fact that in "policing" the camp several hours every morning were spent in carrying loose

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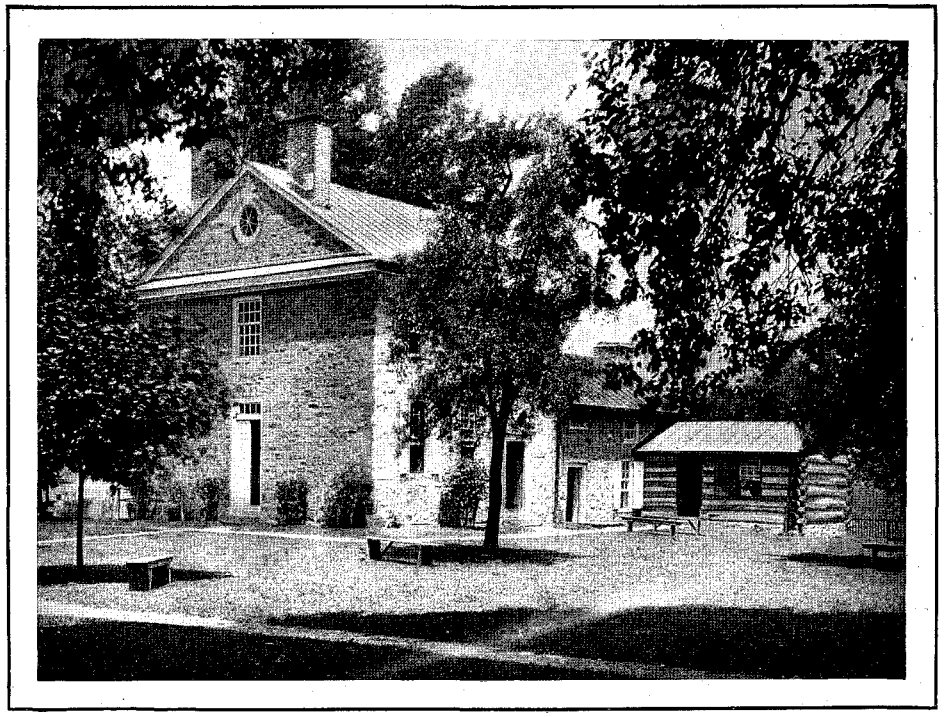

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS
To be included in the proposed National Park.

stones off the company streets and the parade-ground. Stones seemed to "grow" there, the militiamen said. As fast as one barrow-load was taken away, as many more appeared, being either detached from the loose soil or washed down the hillside.

On this stony land to-day are most of the visible Revolutionary remains, including Fort Washington, Fort Huntingdon, and about a half-mile of earthworks. The farm-houses occupied as headquarters by Wayne, Muhlenberg, Varnum, and Stirling also remain, being included within a territory of about six square miles.

Although suggestive of the Revolution, the names of the two principal hills—Mount Joy and Mount Misery—had their origin in the earliest days of the Province. William Penn, traditions say, a few years after his arrival, lost his way while exploring the country in this vicinity. Having wandered many hours over the rocky heights, he finally ascended the hill east of Valley Creek. Here he could trace the familiar course of the Schuylkill toward Philadelphia, and was enabled to pursue his way homeward. Commemorating his adventure, he named this hill Mount Joy, and the one west of the creek, where his perplexity was greatest, Mount Misery.

It requires little military training to recognize that these hills constituted a natural defense for the army occupying them. Moreover, here Washington found that he could watch the movements of the British in Philadelphia, twenty-two miles down the Schuylkill River, and at the same time protect the greater portion of Pennsylvania. But in choosing this location the patriots soon found that they were forced to deal with an unfriendly spirit on the part of the people whom they were to protect.

The farmers of southeastern Pennsylvania had suffered by the prolonged presence of both armies, and many faint sparks of patriotism were smothered by the contemplation of the necessity of maintaining the Continental troops throughout the winter. Lieutenant James McMichael, himself a Pennsylvanian, in his diary thus described his first intercourse with the German farmers of his State:

"I was looked upon as a barbarian by the inhabitants, and they appeared to me like so many human beings scarcely

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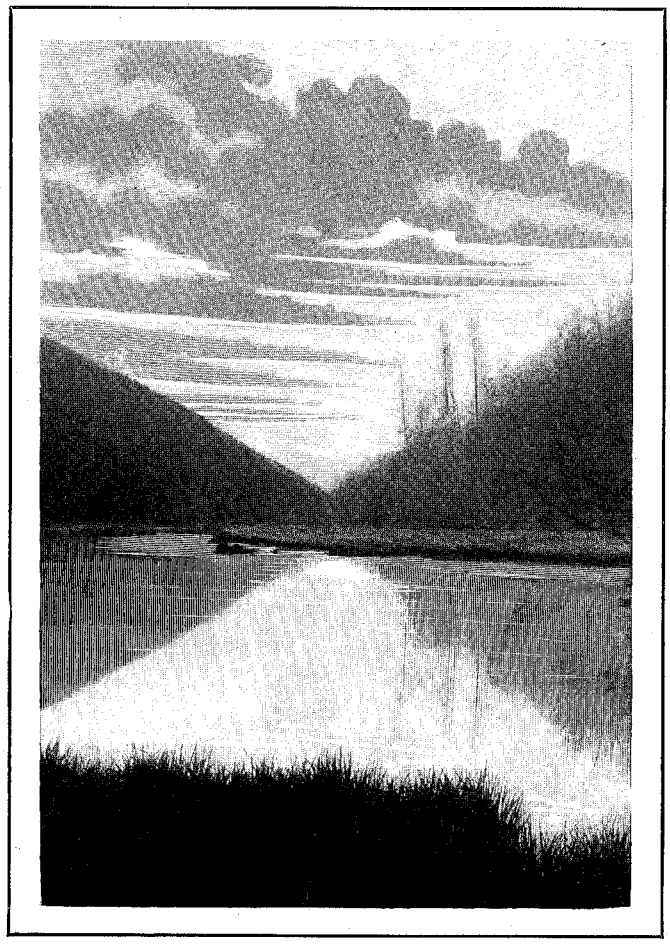
endowed with the qualifications equal to that of the brute species. Repeatedly I talked Latin to them, when I found that it was worse than English for them to understand. I therefore concluded that they were devoid of any qualification calculated to complete happiness unless when blended with others equally ignorant with themselves."

The fact that at this particular time Lieutenant McMichael was searching for deserters may have served to intensify the inability of the inhabitants to understand his learned discourse.

The harvest of 1777 had been prolific, but, though the farmers mistook Latin for Choctaw, they were shrewd enough to make it extremely difficult for the soldiers to avail themselves of the fruits of the land. Instead of threshing their grain, they stored it away in sheaves. Thus, even if it were confiscated, large forces had to be detailed from the depleted army to wield the flail. The straw of the grain was urgently needed, as well as its more substantial product, and to thwart the plans of the farmers, Washington, on December 20, issued an order requiring all persons within seventy miles of the encampment to thresh one-half of their grain by the first of the following March, the penalty for refusal being the seizure of all that might remain unthreshed and the payment therefor as straw. This order was effective.

After the grain had been threshed it became necessary to deal with the millers, many of whom manifested little inclination to make flour for the Americans. On one occasion it was discovered that broken



VALLEY CREEK

Showing Mount Joy and Mount Misery.

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GENERAL MUHLENBERG'S HEADQUARTERS

glass had been ground into a quantity of flour delivered at Valley Forge. The flour, it was said, came from the mill of a Quaker Tory named Roberts, near Philadelphia, and after a brief investigation a detail of troops was sent to the mill and Roberts was hanged in his orchard. After that guards were stationed in suspected mills to keep deleterious material out of the flour.

Although often irritated by the conduct of the non-resistant sects, Washington manifested great consideration for their scruples. Just before going into winter quarters, a committee of Friends from Philadelphia arrived at Washington's camp near Pennypacker's mill to present the Society's "testimony" against war, and to explain the attitude of the Quakers. Washington heard them patiently, but, while not assuming to question their peaceful purpose, he adopted the precaution of placing the visitors in charge of a guard at an isolated outpost at Pottsgrove for several days, so that if on their return to Philadelphia the British questioned them, the Quakers could not unwittingly give late information concerning the American camp.

In the spring of 1778 Washington again deemed it necessary to adopt cautious measures toward the Quakers. The time for the Society's yearly meeting being at hand, members from the surrounding country prepared to go to Philadelphia. Realizing that thus the British might have a highly prized opportunity of learning what could transpire otherwise only through a system of dangerous espionage, Washington ordered General Lacy, who commanded the forces outside the encampment, to prevent all Quakers from traveling toward Philadelphia, saying in the order, "This is an intercourse we should by all means endeavor to interrupt."

The individual action of many Quakers, however, tended to atone for the shortcomings of some members of the faith. Tradition keeps fresh the story of Lydia Darrach, a Philadelphia Quaker, who, it was said, walked from her home to Washington's camp at Whitemarsh one night to warn the American commander of a proposed attack on his lines which she had heard discussed by British officers stationed in her house.

In the village of Valley Forge nearly every person was a Quaker, and Washington's headquarters was in the home of a minister of the Society, Isaac Potts. When the army arrived, Isaac Potts apparently was absolutely without sympathy for the American cause, but intercourse with the American leader wrought a change of sentiment. He it was, according to a manuscript narrative left by his daughter, who one day in midwinter came upon Washington as he was engaged in prayer in the woods. The credence accorded the story by members of the Potts family seems to give it the stamp of authenticity.

The daughter's account relates that as her father "traversed the dark-brown

LAFAYETTE'S HEADQUARTERS

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REMAINS OF VALLEY FORGE EARTHWORKS

forest he heard at a distance before him a voice which as he advanced became more fervid and interesting. Approaching with a slowness and circumspection, whom should he behold in the dark bower apparently formed for the purpose but the Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United Colonies on his knees in the act of devotion to the Ruler of the Universe. At the moment Washington was interceding for his beloved country. With tones of gratitude that labored for adequate expression, he adored that exuberant goodness which from the depth of obscurity had exalted him to the head of a great nation, and that nation fighting at fearful odds for all the world holds dear. With the patriot's pathos, spreading the interests of unborn millions before the eye of Eternal Mercy, he implored the aid of that arm which guides the starry host. Friend Potts returned to his house and threw himself into a chair by the side of his wife, saying: 'I have seen this day what I shall never forget. Till now I have thought that a Christian and a soldier were characters incompatible; but if George Washington be not a man of God, I am mistaken, and still more shall I be disappointed if God do not through him perform some great thing for this country.'"

Nearly twenty-two years later, as Isaac Potts was on his way to attend Friends' meeting in Philadelphia one day in December, he learned of the death of George Washington. Arriving at the meeting, he preached a sermon that, it is said by those who heard it, was one of the most eloquent eulogies on the Nation's first President ever uttered in Philadelphia.

Dr. Jonathan Potts, brother of Isaac Potts, gave his life for the patriot cause. He was director-general of the army's hospitals, and his arduous labors among the suffering soldiers at Valley Forge shattered his health and resulted in his death in 1781.

Occurrences of this kind, proving that the Quakers were not without capacity for valor, were instrumental in time in mitigating Washington's rigor towards the Society.

The narrative of those gloomy months at Valley Forge, as history preserves it, makes the Americans' subsequent success seem little short of miraculous. Fortunately, the British were so much engrossed

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in the pleasures attending their sojourn in Philadelphia that the Americans were not molested, and Baron Steuben, the Prussian tactician who arrived at Valley Forge that winter, was enabled to reorganize the army, attaining the standard of discipline which was an important factor in eventual triumph.

Through the grim irony of war, six months after the patriots vacated the huts in which so many dark days had been spent, a detachment of British captives from Burgoyne's army was quartered in these huts one night while on the march to Virginia. One of the British officers in the party, Captain Thomas Anbury, remained in the house of a loyalist in the village. Perhaps without intending it, he paid a tribute to the American soldiers when, in recounting the information he received from his host that night, he wrote as follows of the fortitude of Washington's followers during the previous winter's encampment:

"His men were obliged to build their huts with round logs, and suffered exceedingly from the inclemency of the season. The greater part of them were in a manner naked at that severe season of the year, many without shoes and stockings, and very few, except the Virginia troops, with the necessary clothing. His army was wasting away with sickness that raged with extreme mortality in all his different hospitals, which were no less than eleven. His army was likewise so diminished by constant desertions in companies, from ten to fifteen at a time, that at one period it was reduced to four thousand, and those with propriety could not be called effective. The horses, from being constantly exposed to showers of rain both day and night, were in such a condition that many of them died, and the rest of them were so emaciated as to be unfit for labor. In addition to all those distresses, Washington had not in camp at any one time a week's provisions for man and horse, and sometimes he was totally destitute. The loyalists greatly censure General Howe in suffering Washington to continue in this weak and dangerous state from December till May, and equally astonished what could be the motive he did not attack, surround, or take by siege the whole army when the severity of the weather was gone."

Now the village of Valley Forge is gradually sinking into peaceful decay. The original forge along Valley Creek in the pass between Mount Joy and Mount Misery was abandoned long ago, but several textile mills for a time gave the place a prospect of prosperity. One by one, however, all were shut down; a large part of the former populace departed, and the commercial spirit in no way now disturbs the hallowed memories of Valley Forge.

GENERAL KNOX'S HEADQUARTERS

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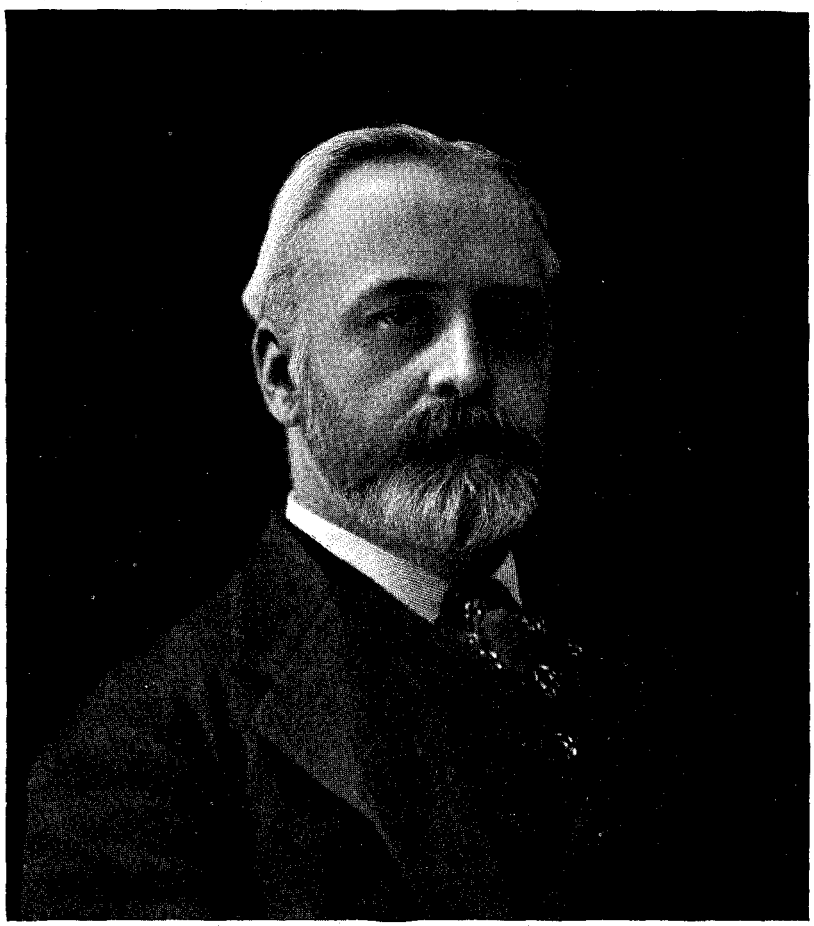

PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH

Eugene A. Philbin

In the reformation of New York municipal affairs hardly anything is so desirable as that the office of District Attorney should be filled by a man of force and integrity. The District Attorney's relations with the Grand Jury, with the police, with the administration of justice in every way, are so intimate that he has immense opportunities both for good and for evil. When, after the forced retirement of the District Attorney elected by Tammany in 1898, Governor Roosevelt exercised his prerogative by appointing as the new District Attorney Mr. Eugene A. Philbin, those who were in a position to know predicted an immediate improvement in the detection and punishment of crime. The result confirmed this view. The well planned and executed raid on gamblers (in which one high city official was captured in company with gamblers, while many notorious resorts were interfered with at last in a serious way) was only the beginning of a determined effort to get at the root of protected vice in the metropolis. Mr. Philbin comes to the District Attorney's office after a long and wide legal experience and after serving for some months with special acceptance as a member of the State Board of Charities, which on his resignation passed a minute recognizing his efficient service, trained judgment, and judicial mind. Mr. Philbin is about forty-four years old, and is a graduate of St. Francis Xavier College and of the Columbia Law School. He has been in politics an independent Democrat, so that his nomination by Governor Roosevelt was in the fullest sense non-partisan.

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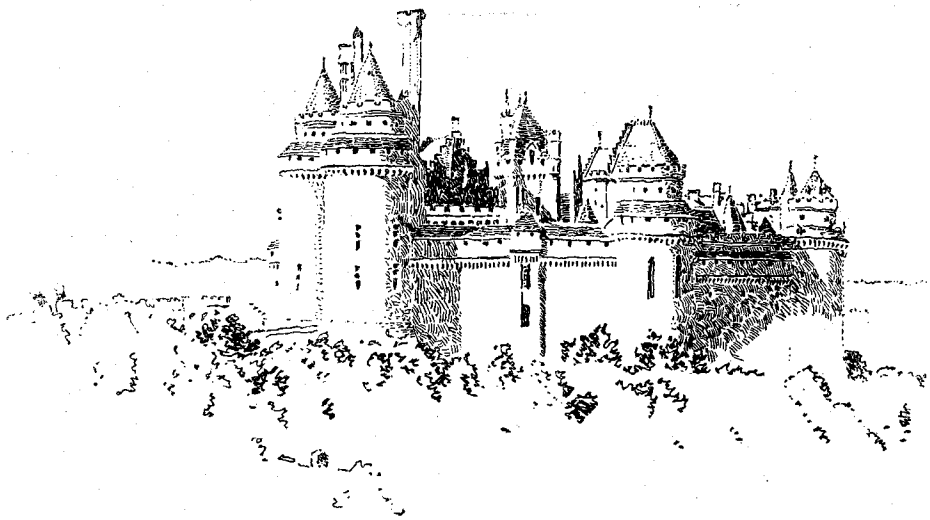

CHÂTEAU OF PIERREFONDS

Little Journeys from Paris

By E. C. Peixotto

Illustrations by the Author

DURING the summer months the visitor in Paris is apt to find hot weather—not so hot as the summer of our Eastern States, but warm enough to be very fatiguing for a long day of sightseeing. When evening comes, instead of dining in a stuffy restaurant on the Boulevard and spending the later hours in an equally stuffy theater, how much pleasanter it is to dine under branches of soft green foliage, in sight of sparkling water, in a theater whose actors and audience are the Parisians themselves, and not the *blasé* international tourist! I do not mean to take you to the Café des Reservoir at Versailles, or to the celebrated Tête Noire and Pavillon Bleu at St. Cloud, for these places, though pleasantly situated and renowned for their excellent *cuisine*, are very like the swell Paris restaurants, and in them you find the same fashionable throng.

But, on a warm evening, go to the Louvre and take a little river-boat down the Seine. You will pass the Eiffel Tower, the Trocadero, and the miniature reproduction of Liberty Enlightening the World; and further on you will shoot under the beautiful Pont-du-Jour, with its double line of superposed arches, and finally wooded hillsides rejoice your aching eyes. A delicious breeze fans your heated temples as the boat smoothly cuts the silent water. A halt or two and then you thread a passage between two islands and the boatman calls "Bas-Meudon."

Here let us descend and choose among the restaurants lined up on the river bank. I prefer the "Pêche Miraculeuse," with its long upper terrace, and its spotless little white tables all in a row, flower-bedecked. How often have I sat at the end table and watched the sunset dying on the distant hills, the river reflecting the rosy blushes of the sky, the little boats silently cutting their way through the unruffled water!

How often have I enjoyed the people—the *bon bourgeois* out with his wife and children, the girl from Montmartre breathing the only country air that ever reaches her flattened lungs, the literary and artistic lights of France enjoying their *matelote* and *friture de Seine!*

One night, as we climbed the stairs to the balcony, I spied my old Academy professor, Jules Lefebvre, playing backgammon in a corner with a gray-haired vis-à-vis, whose bright red rosette of the Legion of Honor matched his own. Soon

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another distinguished-looking man joined them, and then another. As we watched the boats pull up at the landing, it seemed as if each one deposited yet another well-known figure, each coat-lapel blooming with its little red button. Madame was on hand to meet each guest, and all greeted her as old friends should—one affectionately patting her on the back, another kissing her merrily on each cheek. They were like boys out for a lark.

When the company had finally assembled, they seated themselves at a table specially decorated in their honor. There were Bonnat, Laurens, Chapu, Lefebvre, Cormon—professors at the Beaux-Arts, Members of the Institute—but all forgetful of their honors, with their knees under the same board—*en bon camarade*—with that spirit of good fellowship and that lack of jealousy that distinguish the truly great artist. Merry jests and laughs rang round the table; "ahs" and "ohs" went up as Madame drew the corks and the knives and forks began to rattle.

Down below, on the bank of the river, a poor fiddler tuned his plaintive melody; the tables on the porch one by one filled up with men and women in light summer gowns. The sunset died along the river, and, as the evening closed in, the lights of the men's cigars glowed red in the deepening twilight.

After dinner take the little *funiculaire* railway up to the Pavillon de Bellevue on the height above—a luxurious café where a good orchestra adds its rhythmic measures to the merriment of a fashionable crowd. Here, as you sip your coffee and *chartreuse*, you can enjoy a marvelous panorama of the myriad lights of Paris twinkling in the still night air.

A number of charming excursions can be made in the country west of Paris: to Ville d'Avray, nestled in the quiet woods, the still pools and fluffy willows strongly reminiscent of Corot, who here painted many of his poetic early morning landscapes; to St. Germain-en-Laye, with a magnificent château and a terrace, commanding an incomparable view, to which, however, Louis XIV. objected because he could see in the distance the tower of the Cathedral of St. Denis, his final resting-place.

Just beyond the Bois de Boulogne, on the Seine, after it has made its wide loop to pass St. Cloud, lies Suresnes—a town

ON THE BANKS OF THE SEINE AT BAS-MEUDON

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of no attraction in itself, but most entertaining on account of the life one sees there.

Choose a fine day when there have been races in the Bois. At four or five in the afternoon take a seat at one of the many cafés—a seat from which you have a good view of the bridge which spans the river.

The scene is most animated. Pedestrians crowd the sidewalks; bicyclists and automobilists speed by in the strange, uncouth garb which the French have affected for these sports; carriages and electric cars rattle and bang in the roadway. Every moment there is a threatened collision. Mothers frantically grasp their offspring from under the whizzing wheels, stout men puff and perspire as they cross the crowded thoroughfare, cyclists toot their blatant horns, and every few minutes a bridal procession in carriages drives laughing and singing down the street.

Among the humble classes in Paris, an essential part of the marriage ceremony is a long drive through the country, stopping at various taverns to dance and refresh the inner man. Suresnes is a favorite goal for these excursions, and its cafés are each provided with *salles de noces*—large, cold rooms with rows of chairs lined up along the wall and a cracked piano in one corner.

The line of carriages stops in the crowded street; the wedding party alights, ill at ease in broad daylight, in badly

THE BRIDGE AT SURESNES

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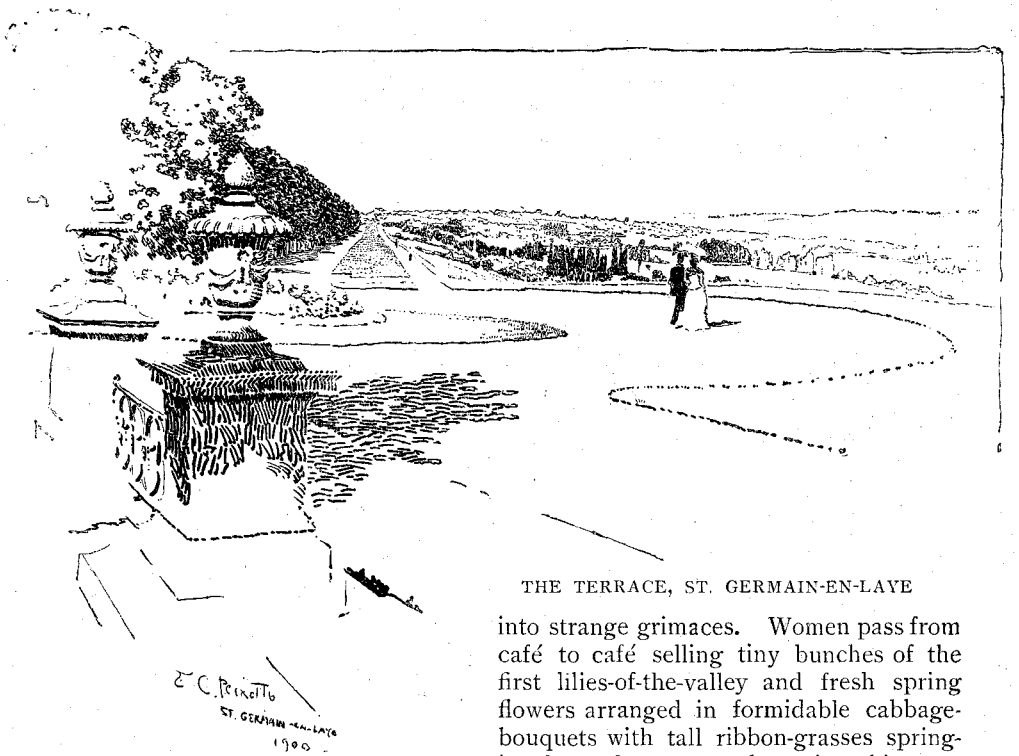

THE TERRACE, ST. GERMAIN-EN-LAYE

fitting dress-suits and tightly laced corsages. The groom looks very conscious in his silk hat and white gloves, with a bunch of orange-blossoms tied with dangling white ribbons in his buttonhole. The bride is in white satin, with the classic veil and orange-blossoms—bought ready-made on the Boulevard Sebastopol at prices varying from twenty-five francs upward. The whole party is red-faced, very lively, and on the verge of being livelier still. They are immediately assailed by an army of venders, selling little tinsely, gay-colored favors with which the men decorate themselves and the ladies. Then the whole party stumbles upstairs, and we hear them in the next room, ordering a *tournée* and feeing the poor old musician to play a jiggety waltz on the worn-out piano.

Some of the party step out on the porch to watch the crowd below. A beggar lifts up his voice in plaintive melody; three men in zouave uniform, gilt-bronzed from head to foot, take heroic poses—reconnoitering, charge bayonets, wounded; a precocious youngster imitates Paulus of the "Scala," his threadbare silk hat aslant on the back of his head, his face contorted into strange grimaces. Women pass from café to café selling tiny bunches of the first lilies-of-the-valley and fresh spring flowers arranged in formidable cabbage-bouquets with tall ribbon-grasses springing from the center; boys in white cap and apron pass from table to table offering hot *gaufrettes*—a kind of waffle. The bridal party invests largely in all the hucksters' wares, until their white-lined carriage is quite overladen. I have often wondered at the groom's improvidence until I called to mind that there are but three events between baptism and death in this same man's life: his first communion, when he wears a knot of white ribbon on his arm; his *service*, when he dons his soldier's uniform; his marriage, when he wears the orange-blossom in his buttonhole.

To the north of Paris lie St. Denis (its great cathedral filled with the magnificent tombs of the French kings), Enghien and Montmorency, favorite summer resorts of the Parisians on the borders of a beautiful forest. In the latter place is the Hermitage, long the residence of Jean Jacques Rousseau, who here, in the leafy shadows, wrote his tirades against *bosquets* and statues, vases and parterres, and all the primness of the architectural gardening made fashionable by Le Nôtre.

A little further to the north is Chantilly, long famous as the residence of the great Condé family. A few years ago the

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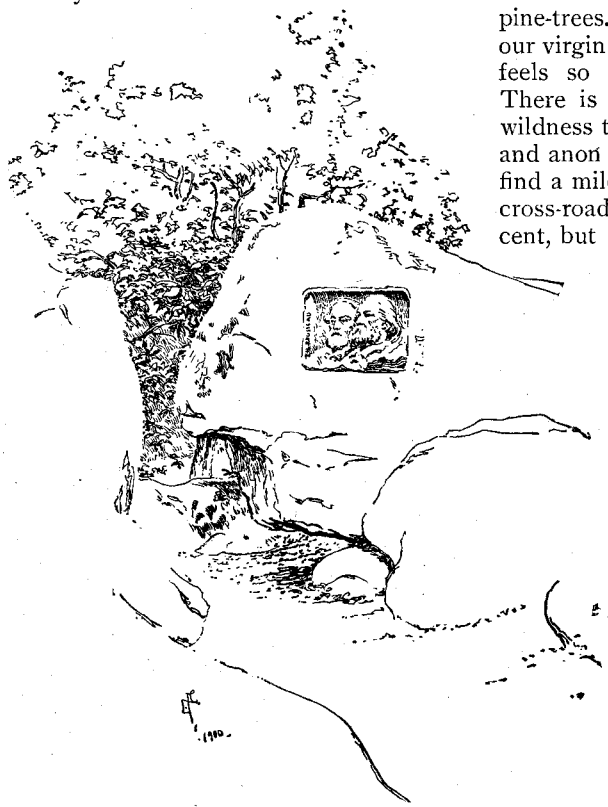
château, with its furniture and magnificent collections, was bequeathed by the Duc d'Aumale to the Institute of France. It is now thrown open to the public. I know of no château in France which gives so fine an idea of a princely residence of the present century. Its monumental entrance, its ample courts, its stately rooms decorated by Baudry, its masterpieces of art—painting and sculpture—its rich furniture—all seem as if the lordly owner had but left for the summer and permitted his treasures to be admired by a curious public. The park which surrounds the château is most beautiful. Broad parterres, bordered by long lines of well-trimmed trees, surround the dancing sheets of water, on which float stately swans; long *allées*, carpeted with green, arched over by interlacing branches, radiate from *carrefours* to far-away vanishing points. Statues, stone benches, and marble vases cut their white notes against the verdant foliage, while all about, as far as the eye can reach, stretches the well-kept forest-land.

If you continue about fifteen miles further to the north, you will reach Compiègne, with another noted château; and only a very few miles from there, Pierrefonds—a great feudal castle, completely restored by Viollet-le-Duc under Napoleon III. It is picturesquely situated, dominating with its imposing mass a little lake surrounded by masses of rich foliage. Eight massive towers, defended by machicolation and battlement, a frowning entrance with barbican, portcullis, and moat, great courts and stone-vaulted chambers, combine to make a perfect picture of a mediæval fortress-castle.

South of Paris, a short trip takes us to Fontainebleau, whose palace is as well known as Versailles. But what unexplored recesses in its beautiful forest—what drives, what rides for the bicyclist, and what charming walks! To Grez, to Moret, to Marlotte, beloved by the artist craft—to Barbizon, where Millet's house still stands. In the forest near by, the busts of the great peasant-painter and of his lifelong friend, Rousseau, are cut in bas-relief, one upon the other, in the sandstone rock under the dark shadow of the pine-trees. The forest is so different from our virgin forests of America! One never feels so lost from human habitation. There is a savagery, but it is a tamer wildness than that of our woods, and ever and anon we cross a well-paved road and find a mile-post carefully designating the cross-roads. The old trees are magnificent, but a younger growth, the birth of constant cuttings, allows the sunlight to play merrily through the fresh green leaves. Once in a while a stag is seen leaping the moss-grown boulders, and now and then a rabbit or a pheasant; but game is rather scarce, though protected by numerous forest guards.



THE MILLET MEMORIAL AT FONTAINEBLEAU

A delightful little journey may be made to Chartres, which is scarcely two hours' ride from Paris. Its cathedral, to my thinking, is the very finest of all the French churches, and contains a wealth of thirteenth-century stained glass which is without an equal on the Continent. The town, too, is most interesting, with its streets of quaint, high-peaked

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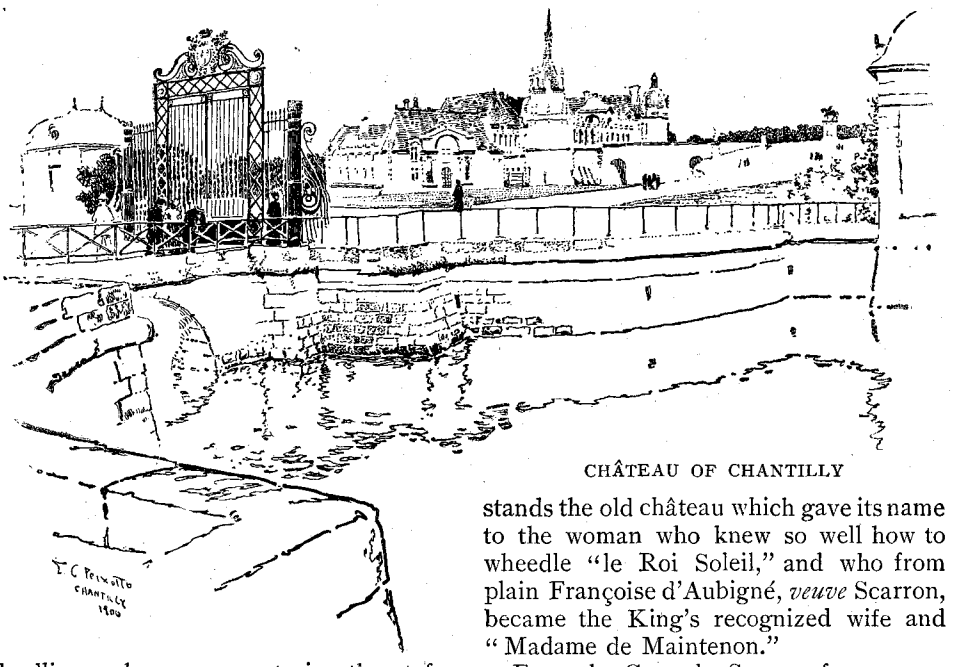

CHÂTEAU OF CHANTILLY

dwellings whose upper stories thrust far out over the sidewalks and are supported by heavy, rough-hewn corbels. Down by the river there is a fine Norman gate, and all along the banks are piles of picturesque, tumble-down houses and a plentiful sprinkling of *lavoirs*, where the shrill voices of the women mingle with the clack of the flat wooden paddles as they spank the soapy clothes.

If you spend the night in Chartres, you can stop next day on the return trip at Rambouillet and Maintenon. The former place is noted for its palace where the lordly Francis I. died, and where Charles X. signed his abdication. It is now the favorite country residence of the President of France; artistically of mediocre interest, but possessing a superb park, more varied in character and even more grandiose than that of Versailles. At the latter place stands the old château which gave its name to the woman who knew so well how to wheedle "le Roi Soleil," and who from plain Françoise d'Aubigné, *veuve* Scarron, became the King's recognized wife and "Madame de Maintenon."

From the Gare de Sceaux, far over on the left bank of the Seine, there are several pleasant excursions to be made, and one reaches the real country very quickly. Just outside the city wall, at the foot of a wooded hill near Sceaux, is "Robinson," a delightful place for luncheon or dinner, in summer thronged with a gay crowd. Many of the Latin Quarter students and their *petites amies* will here be found lunching at tables placed high in the branches of the giant chestnut-trees or riding the little donkeys through the woods.

Further on the same railroad lies the Valley of Chevreuse, famed in song and story—a peaceful, rural spot, dominated by the ruins of an ancient castle, and far, far away from all the whirl of the city—as much in the provinces as Auvergne or Gascony.

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BY DILIGENCIA TO GRANADA

By Thomas R. Dawley

IF you were to ask where Baza is, I doubt if you would find many of your friends able to tell you. I must confess that I myself did not know until I arrived there, like a mariner blown out of his course. Then it occurred to me that Baza was the scene of the friar's love story in Guzman de Alfarache, when the city was the key to the last possessions of the Moor in Spain, four hundred and ten years ago.

When Cid Hiaya led ten thousand of the bravest Moors in the kingdom, hardy mountaineers, into the city, reinforcing its garrison of ten thousand others, Baza must have been a great city. At the present day it is only a little old city, out of the usual line of travel, without industry or commerce other than that created by the barter and trade of the few products of the man with the hoe. Its once strong citadel, where not entirely obliterated, consists of but broken, undermined, and gypsy-inhabited walls, overlooking the broad and fruitful valley on which King Ferdinand appeared with his hosts when he sat down before the city. The Moors endured a siege of six months and twenty days, during which the Christians lost twenty thousand of their men. Then Baza fell, judging, by present appearances, never to rise again.

MY FRIEND THE PRIEST

I found it easier getting to Baza than getting away. A newly projected railroad across the south of Spain terminates there. They may finish it some day. Thence there is a long, lone road through the Alpizarras to Granada. "You would die by the way if you undertook to walk it," said the jolly, fat keeper of a hostelry, "for there is only snow and ice there, and it is cold."

A tramp by nature, I should have enjoyed tramping over those mountains, but the mention of cold in Spain was enough to deter me, for it is that kind of cold which you feel. It congeals your blood and penetrates to the very marrow of your bones before it ever falls to zero. So I gave up the project of walking, and arranged for a seat in the diligencia to Granada, which left at 9 P.M.

Drawn by eight horses or mules, the old-fashioned coach swung around a corner on time, dangerously near to toppling over, it appeared, as, with a jerk and a sudden suspension of jingling bells, it brought up in front of the hostelry. Six of us fellow-passengers, muffled in cloaks and rugs, packed tightly into the small interior, were not predisposed to talk, as is customary with travelers in Spain. The moon shone on the old city, filling the streets with its yellow sheen as the eight galloping beasts swung out of it to the yells of the postilion, bringing our heads in close proximity and in danger of bumping one another.

The snow gleamed on the bleak, savage sierra as the mules settled down to a steady pull and tug. With my head wabbling, my legs and knees cramped, I slept and dozed by fits and starts. Somewhere up the mountain the monotonous rumbling of the vehicle and tugging at the traces ceased. We had stopped, and, the muffled passengers crawling out, I followed them. It was a desolate, dark region, the mountain looming up above us hiding the moon. I stepped cautiously after the black figures

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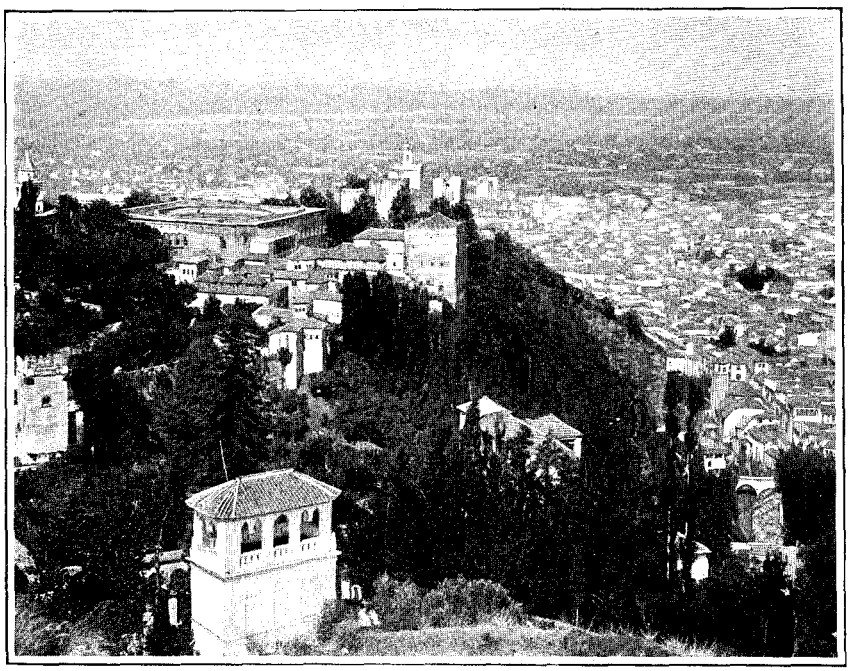

ALHAMBRA AND GRANADA

View from Sillo del Moro.

picking their way in front of me, wondering what it was for. By the side of the road a long, low building ran along at the end of what appeared to be a cow-yard, and the trickle of running water sounded on the frosty air.

Thumps upon a door brought a feeble ray of light, and some one stumbling within. As the door swung open the feeble glimmer lit up the form of a man wrapped in his manta, drawing drowsily aside to let us in. It was a stablelike interior, such as we have all seen representing that in which Christ was born at Bethlehem. Mules and asses, their long ears flapping and their heads deep down in mangers, munched their grain. Their masters lay near, rolled in blankets on the hard ground, the straw which might have served them for beds given to the beasts. Rafters, black and cobwebby, reached low down overhead, while a chimney like a great inverted funnel hung over a wide, square hearth of bricks.

The remnants of a fire in the center of the hearth were kicked together and dry sticks thrown on; they soon crackled into a blaze and went sparkling merrily up the chimney. Some one called for water, and a clay jar as cold as the frigid zone was let down from the rafters above. My fellow-passengers, gathering around the fire, pulled out bread and sausages, which, thrusting under one another's noses with a "Would you like some, sir?" they fell to devouring ravenously without waiting for a reply. I had no bread and sausages, and, seeming out of place there, I picked my way back to the diligencia in the road. One muffled traveler had remained there in his corner, and as I took my place opposite he moved and lit a cigarette. The momentary glow lit up his features, showing him to be a man past middle age, with a beard sprinkled with gray.

I asked him the name of the place, and he replied that it was called La Venta del Baúl—the Inn of the Trunk. And he grew talkative. He had been over the road many times, and this was the only inhabited spot on the entire road between Baza and Guadix. The place was formerly run by a woman, and the stage-coach always stopped there for a relay of horses or mules.

"I remember the old woman well," said he, in a reflecting mood. "She was a match for any man in these parts. She had a beard, too, and carried a *trabuco*. In those days there were gentlemen in

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THE SPANISH POST
From a painting by Wagner.

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these parts who would meet you on the road with blunderbusses big enough to swallow you. They were always very polite, but they would usually relieve you of your purse before allowing you to go your way. But the old *tía* who kept the Baúl wasn't afraid of those gentlemen of the highway, or their blunderbusses either." And he chuckled at the thought of her. "With her trabuco, she was equal to the Guardia Civiles themselves.

"There were wolves in these mountains, too. Ah, ha!" he laughed. "I remember well how they came after us one night—just such a night as this, with the snow gleaming in the moonlight. The hungry, howling, snapping pack rushed upon us. My! how the horses bolted! The postilion lost his hat and we were shaken up in here like turnips in a sack, but no harm was done beyond our fright."

When I expressed surprise that there was no other place on the road, he said:

"There is a place off in the mountains called Boj, but I don't believe any one ever goes there. I believe the people living there have lived there since the time of the Moors, and are Moors still."

"What do they do there?" I asked.

"Do! Do nothing," said he. "Maybe they have some goats and an ass or two, but I never heard of their doing anything."

"Isn't there a post-office or a telegraph there?"

"Post-office! Telegraph!" he exclaimed. "What could they want of either? It would be like furnishing a horse with an almanac."

The talk was ended by the return of our fellow-travelers. A general climbing in, a yell from the postilion, and we were rumbling on our way again. The postilion ran along by the side of the coach yelling and shouting. When tired, he would swing himself upon the rear step, thrust his head through the open window, and, folding his arms over the sill, would go to sleep. Aroused by the cries of the *mayoral*, he would jump down and go to chasing the mules again, and then come back and take another sleep hanging through the window.

It was about four o'clock in the morning when we arrived at Guadix. The coach rumbled beneath an arch into a dark court, where we were informed that we must wait for another coach to take us on to Granada. We went into a dimly lighted street, the postilion following us for his *propina*. To my inquiry why we should pay him anything, he said he had hurried up the mules for us, and his only pay was what he obtained from the passengers.

We found a littie waiting-room lighted with a smoking lamp, and jammed with trunks, boxes, and bundles. As I could find neither rest nor comfort there, I strolled over to a coffee-stand opposite, where a buxom dame was serving some of her coffee to a well-dressed young man in a black cloak and derby hat. He at once insisted that I should take my coffee at his expense, and then, with an inquiring gaze, wanted to know if I was an Englishman. I told him no, and then he guessed that I was French. After he had guessed about every nationality of Europe, I told him I was a "Yankee."

"There!" he exclaimed, with sudden energy, looking from me to the woman, "I knew that he was something or other," and then, turning to me again, "You Yankees did us up, but we have no hard feelings towards you. We blame that old grandmother, the Queen of England. If it hadn't been for England, we wouldn't have had any quarrel in the first place; and then, after getting us into the quarrel, England just stood by to see that none of the Powers gave us any help. But she's getting paid for it now. The Boers are shaking her up, and I am glad of it. We'll live to see England reduced to a fourth-rate Power like Spain."

And then, turning to the woman again, he said that he had been drinking so much of her coffee that he felt like a slop-bucket, and would take something stronger with his Yankee friend. Evidently he had been taking something stronger, for he was very merry, and told us how, having been to the theater, he had returned to his lodgings to find himself locked out, and all the thumping in Christendom couldn't induce them to let him in. So he was keeping his own spirits up with hot coffee and spirits from a bottle.

When I told him, in answer to his questioning, that I was a journalist, he called me his confrère, saying that he was a journalist, too; and when he learned that I had been in Cuba and was in the war, he

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wanted me to confirm his own opinion of General Weyler.

"Wasn't he a thief?" he demanded. "An assassin! An old goat! A disgrace to Spain and the mother who gave him birth!" And he pounded the coffee-stand, glaring at the woman with an expression of "I told you so." But the woman didn't know anything about politics, and, turning to me again, he exclaimed:

"Yes! Weyler is a robber and an assassin! Spain never produced but one other like him, and that was my mother's uncle, General Nouvilas. Do you know what he did? He let his soldiers throw oranges to the children in the plaza at Barcelona, and, when they ran to catch them, shot them down. That was Nouvilas. My mother was a Nouvilas *too*. Oh, that General Nouvilas was cruel! I think he must have been Weyler's brother, for there were never two such devils like them in all Spain."

Taking me affectionately by the arm, he led me to a corner wine-shop which was just opening up for business, insisting that I should drink with him something better than that furnished at the coffee-stand. He presented me to the man behind the counter as a Yankee who had been in Cuba and knew "Weyler the pig." The man smiled good-naturedly, appearing not to have the least objection to a Yankee who had known the pig Weyler; and when the diligencia was ready, the merry journalist gave me his name—a very long one, which I could not remember—telling me that when I got to Granada to go to the Hotel Victoria, say he had sent me, and I would get a reduced rate.

Though my ticket called for an interior seat, I climbed on top of the high coach in order better to see the country through which we were going. Guadix was the stronghold of the doughty old Moor El Zagal, when he sent his cousin, Cid Hiaya, to the defense of Baza. "Happy is that monarch," said he, "who has his kindred to defend his armies." But the old monarch had to bow his head to the inevitable. With the fall of Baza, Guadix was delivered to the Christian king, after having been in the hands of the Moors ever since the defeat of Roderick the Goth, seven hundred and seventy years before. El Zagal disposed of his remaining empire to King Ferdinand for gold, and, followed by many Moorish families, passed over to Africa, where a sad fate awaited him. Instead of meeting with kindness and sympathy, he was thrown into prison by the Caliph of Fez, and, accused of being the cause of the downfall of the kingdom of Granada, he was condemned to perpetual darkness. A basin of melted copper was passed before his eyes, and, his wealth confiscated, he was thrust forth, blind, helpless, and destitute. The historian tells us that he dragged out a wretched existence for many years, bearing above his raiment a parchment on which was written in Arabic, "This is the unfortunate King of Andalusia."

As I sat on top of the diligencia swaying to the gallop of eight mules, and viewed the jumbled mass of walls in the hazy light of early morning, I regretted that I had been unable to tarry in the historic old city. A squat, round-shouldered, shaggy-eyebrowed peasant occupied the seat with me, and for ought I know may have been a Moor himself. Undoubtedly he was the descendant of one. Unlike most Spaniards, I was unable to engage him in conversation, he answering my questions in scarcely intelligible monosyllables.

The aspect of the country about was strange. High, jagged cliffs of brown earth or sandstone surrounded us on every hand, the road winding between them. They appeared like artificed walls of sun-baked adobes towering high above, and broken and washed away in places by centuries of rain. There was not upon them a green thing, a gray bush, or a bit of stubble showing that there had ever been life there. Innumerable black caverns yawned from their steep sides, and I wondered if these had been excavated by the hand of man, and for what purpose. The morose Arab at my side could or would give me no information, and I almost wished he would tumble off and break his neck.

The postilion ran by the side of the mules, heaving rocks at the most obdurate ones, and climbing by turns to the seat by the side of the mayoral. Each mule was known by a name, and as one lagged his name was called, and if he did not prick up his ears and tug at the call, he got either the end of the mayoral's lash or a rock from the postilion. Judging

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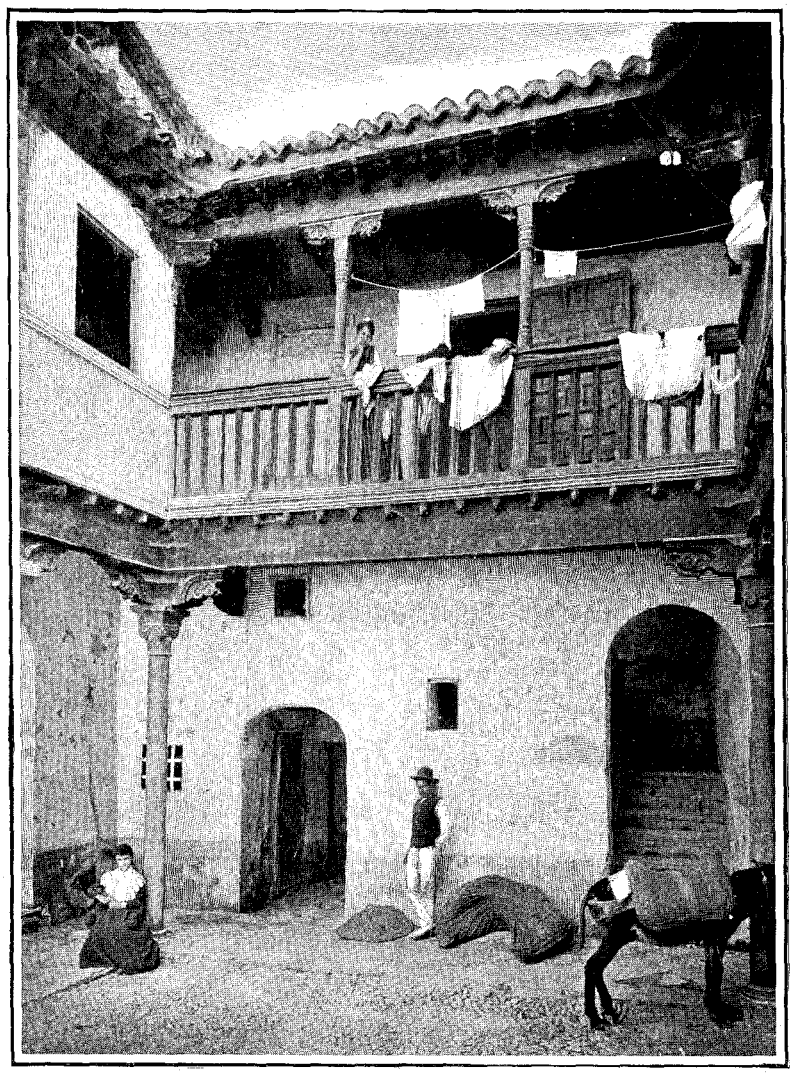

INNER COURT OF ONE OF THE SURVIVING OLD MOORISH HOUSES

by the names, the mules were all sailors, for they bore such as Admiral, Capitan, Marinero, etc. Riding between the cliffs, through a narrow defile, we climbed a rugged hill to the strange place called Purullena, a city of cave-dwellers, for the people all live under the ground. Only the church, a yellow building of stone perched in the background, appeared above. All around, short, gray-plastered chimneys stuck up strangely; from them faint columns of blue smoke ascended heavenward through the crisp morning air. Ravines formed the streets, and from my perch on top of the diligencia I could see whitewashed façades on the cliffs, representing particular abodes, some with arched entrances and iron-barred windows.

Descending the hill through another ravine, there appeared a few streaks of fertile green, and we passed strange types of men in leather hats and leather aprons. Then came a long tug up a mountain, and there were more caves and cave-dwellers—caves which had been the habitation of man for centuries; and the men, silent and stern as the cliffs they inhabit, looked rugged like them.

As we ascended the mountain it grew colder, and the postilion tossed up an extra rug in which to wrap myself. The top of the mountain was reached, and our string of panting mules stopped in front

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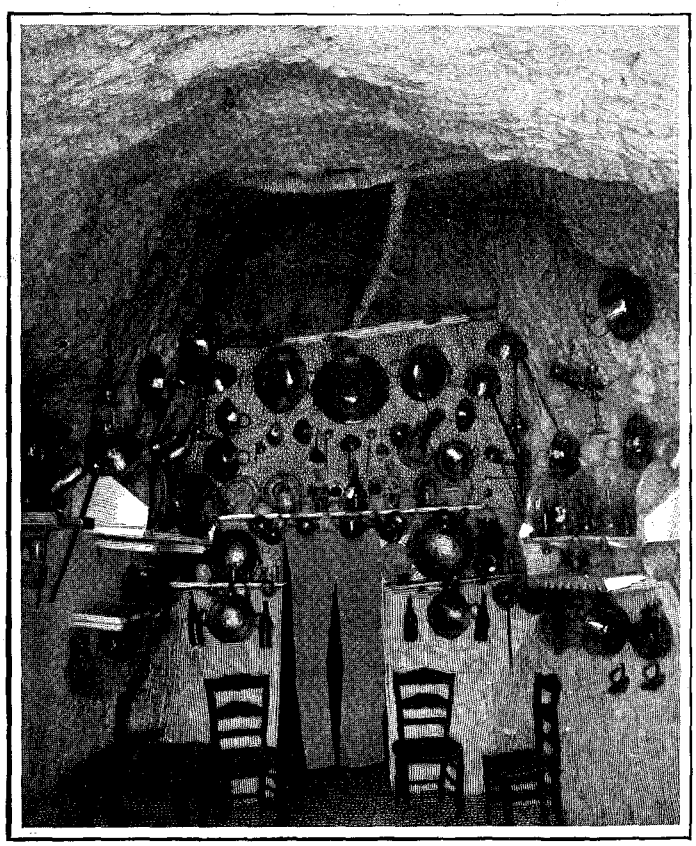
of a cave with a front porch excavated in the ground. A sort of balustrade carved in the same hard earth contained an array of decanters and glasses, and two women stood behind ready to serve their contents. To the mayoral's query as to how they were getting along, one of them replied, "Al pelo"—literally, to the turning of a hair, which Americanized would be, "On the top shelf."

A broad, treeless waste spread before us, and far away, against slate-colored ridges, glistened the white-walled houses of Diezma. With the town even before us, it seemed a long ride. Men in queer flat hats and leather aprons split in the middle, each half buckled around their legs, plowed the fields, while others, strangely garbed in sheepskin, the wool all on, attended droves of hogs and goats. Snow-clad mountains rolled away to the left, hill upon hill and rugged peaks. In the distance a shepherd stalked slowly over a brown field in the midst of his flock, little specks of white moving like insects.

Diezma leaves an impression of one long street lined with box-like houses scarcely larger than the diligencia upon which I rode. The ruins of the old castle still remain, a memento of feudal days when the Marquis of Diezma ruled the land. From Diezma we descended a long stretch of mountain road to a stopping-place deep down between the mountains, resembling the Oriental-like stables which we saw at La Venta del Baúl. I climbed down from the top of the diligencia, and, with the rest of the passengers, tumbled into the low, rambling edifice where our mules were being exchanged for fresh ones. There was a little shop by the side of the mangers, where a splendid type of an Andalusian peasant girl stood erect, ready to serve us with red sausages and slender hams which dangled over her head. As we ordered the sausages and ham she waited upon us with a grave,



A SPANISH CAVE-DWELLER'S ABODE

Showing the family utensils that are so carefully guarded and highly prized.

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melancholy air, slicing the lean, raw meat and handing it out with small, hard loaves of bread. From wine-casks back of the counter she drew wine, red or white; and, with our hands full of the viands, we gathered around the fire on the hearth beneath the overhanging chimney and there devoured our portions.

There were dark-looking peasants there, in deep contrast to the beautiful girl, opulent in flesh, with a complexion like alabaster surmounted with a wealth of wavy black hair. An old woman sat spinning crude wool in a corner, her distaff consisting of a long spindled top which she twirled dexterously between her thumb and finger with the string of wool attached.

There was something about these people that reminded me of the Indians inhabiting the Cordilleras of Central America. Lean, sober-visaged, with a complexion like leather, they went about their work as though, indeed, the centuries of toil and oppression did weigh heavily upon them. The old woman with her spinning was the counterpart, except in coloring, of Indian women I have seen performing the same operation in the mountains of Guatemala; and, to add to the similitude, a drove of swine passed, running, grunting, wallowing, with the drover stalking behind them as independent in mien as though the toil of his ancestors was nothing to him.

In these mountains the swarthy Arab freebooter Faric, the one-eyed, who, crossing the Straits of Hercules, burned his ships behind him, met his first check in his triumphal subjugation of the Iberian peninsula. Only by the treason of a miserable wretch for the possession of his cabin among the mountains were the brave Christian mountaineers subdued. The Ismailite, Abraham Alpujarra, being given command of the entire chain of mountains, they took his name, and hence the Alpujarras, where a wild, independent people, living in green glens and valleys among the heights, proved in turn as difficult of conquest by the Christian kings as they had to the Arabs.

Our sailor mules changed for others bearing such names as Carpenter, Shoemaker, and Baker, our bread, sausage, and lean ham washed down with refreshing draughts of wine, we proceeded on our journey again. For a change I trudged up the mountain before us, leaving the mules tugging laboriously behind. Steep precipices rose on one side, high cliffs fell away on the other, with a deep, narrow valley below and rising cliffs again beyond.

A peasant, with his folded manta hanging loosely over his shoulder, measuring his paces with a long staff, greeted me in passing with a soberly uttered "May you go with God, sir." Slate-colored rocks and brown bareness were the conspicuous features of the rugged scenery, but now and then little streaks of fertility could be discerned between the rocky heights, or low down upon the slope of a precipitous ravine. Wherever a bit of soil can be tickled with a crooked stick, and with a little water and fertilizer coaxed into producing something, there gleamed the labor of man.

The marks of a struggle by the wayside, a bit of stuffed sackcloth and straw scattered about, attracted my attention, and, looking over the cliff, I saw a donkey where he had fallen, crushed among the rocks below. He was still alive, but helpless; with his head bowed between his folded legs, patient as ever, he waited for death to relieve him of his misery.

At last the top of the mountain was reached, the mules came up, and, climbing to my seat on top, I watched our rapid descent on the opposite side. The mules plunged forward, sheered around desperate curves, and it seemed to me that more than once we were dangerously near to swinging over into the ravine below. Regardless of the fact that such accidents do happen, the mayoral, seconded by the postilion, kept up his incessant shouts to the mules, who, to the crack of the lash and the call of their respective names, seemed to know just what was required of them.

A swing around a wider curve at the foot of the mountain brings us to a sudden change. There are olive groves and narrow, crooked villages, and women in bright colors with brighter flowers in their hair, and sober donkeys trudging along. The sun shines, too, with a greater warmth, and, climbing a final hill, we see spreading away in the distance the celebrated *vegas* of Granada, dotted with spots of white—the *cortijos*, or white houses, of the farmers. The mules prick up their ears, and with a final spurt we descend rapidly into the once royal city of Boabdil, the last stronghold of the defeated Moors.

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The Rights of Man

A Study in Twentieth Century Problems

By Lyman Abbott

I.—The Conflict of the Centuries

IN this series of articles on the rights of man it will be my attempt to define with some accuracy what those rights are, in State, Church, and Society. The time is opportune for a consideration of this topic. The fundamental questions concerning the rights of man involved in the recent political campaign are not yet answered, and cannot be by a single election. But I hope that it may be found possible for me to write and for others to read with minds freed, not indeed from all prejudice, but from those partisan heats which usually accompany a political contest and render difficult a judicial consideration of the principles involved in it. The people have decided to whom they will intrust the administration of the National Government for the next four years, and have indicated the methods which they expect the Administration to pursue. But the fundamental principles according to which the Nation must frame all its policies, both in domestic and in foreign dealing, remain, and must remain, subjects for public discussion and popular instruction. In these articles I assume that there are such principles, that they are absolute, eternal, unalterable, because they are divine, that they inhere in the nature of man and of human society because they inhere in the nature of God which man inherits from his Father, that God is in his world directing its course toward the ultimate victory of righteous principles, and that by a study of history no less than by consulting our own intuitions and giving heed to the counsels of the great spiritual interpreters of life, Hebrew and Christian, we can learn what those principles are.

In the beginning of the Christian era two ideals of social organization confronted each other—the Roman and the Hebraic. In the Roman Empire the entire organization, political, social, educational, and religious, was framed and administered for the benefit of the few. The political power was centered in an Emperor, who administered it throughout the vast empire by means of a bureaucracy composed wholly of his appointees; through their administration his jurisdiction, civil and military, extended throughout all its various provinces. There are three great powers which in a free community are intrusted to different bodies, and so tend to counterbalance each other—the powers respectively of the sword, the purse, and the public conscience. All three were vested in the Emperor. As commander-in-chief of the armies of Rome, the power of life and death was in his hands in time of war; and all times were times of war. The control of the finances, the adjustment of taxation, and the appointment of the tax-gatherers were vested in him through his appointees; nor did it tend to lessen his real authority that he secured the approval of the Senate by giving to members of that body the chief places of power and emolument. As supreme pontiff he controlled the affairs and was able to regulate the functions of religion. This supreme power extended to the remotest provinces of the great empire, and even those cities which retained the name of free were without the means of preserving the liberties of their citizens. The provinces were, indeed, regarded as valuable only or chiefly as a source of public revenue; the right to collect what revenue could be extorted was sold to wealthy individuals or still wealthier corporations, and by them in turn farmed out to subordinates who paid for the privilege of using the power of the empire to extort what they could from the people.

Industrially and morally, society was no less organized for the benefit of the few. Agriculture was wholly servile; and even in the great cities the full benefit of citizenship belonged only to a small minority—"a portion," says Frederic Harrison, "which might not exceed one-tenth, whilst ninety per cent. of the actual dwellers within the walls might be slaves, freedmen,

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aliens, strangers, clients, and camp-followers." [1] The many toiled without receiving recompense in the product of their toil; the few lived without industry. Schools for the people were wholly unknown; the only education was in athletics and rhetoric, and this was furnished only to the children of the most favored. The offices of religion were not conducted for the purpose of adding to either the intellectual or the moral culture of the people: there was nothing analogous to either our pulpit or our Sunday-school; the pagan temples were not conducted for an ethical purpose; their function was to minister, not to men, but to the gods, either by propitiating their wrath and so escaping their displeasure, or by winning their favor and so securing, not for the people, but for the Imperial Government, what may be called their alliance. Thus neither religion, education, industry, nor government sought or pretended to seek the well being of the many. The many were regarded as created for the few; to be fed, amused, governed, compelled to labor, but not to share in the benefits of either religion, education, industry, or government. Such share as they obtained was incidental and indirect, not purposed and planned.

In one province of this great empire were a people who possessed a very different social and political ideal. It is true that partly by their apostasy they had lost, partly by reason of their feebleness they had been robbed of, their liberties, and that in this brief sketch I portray less their actual life than the ideals contained in their literature. In this their ideal commonwealth all authority for law was regarded as derived from God, not from military power, and the king was as truly subject to it as was the meanest peasant. His power was strictly limited by the constitution of the commonwealth; he was commander-in-chief of the army, but the army was composed of volunteers; the power of the purse was not given, as in later English history, to a representative assembly, but the amount of tax which might be levied was definitely limited to one-tenth of the agricultural product. The existence of a landed aristocracy was prohibited; private ownership of land was not admitted; the land belonged to Jehovah—the landholder was only a tenant and his lease expired every fifty years; no caste of class was allowed; the judges were forbidden to show any superior respect to the rich or the great; bribe-taking was condemned under severe penalties; and the people were required to provide the same law for foreigners dwelling among them as for themselves. Slavery was so hedged about with restrictions that in the beginning of the present era it had almost if not entirely disappeared. Industry was honored and commended, and every father was expected to teach his boy some trade, and generally did so. There were schools for the children of the common people in every village, and though, measured by modern standards, the education was but scant, it was perhaps as good as could be expected from a people so poor and so isolated as the Hebrews. The priesthood, it may indeed be claimed, served substantially the same purpose as the priesthood of other peoples—the service of God rather than of the people; but they occupied a secondary place in the public estimate. The principal function of the church was to minister to the life of the people, who every week gathered in the synagogues to receive instruction in the principles of their faith; the chief feature of the religious service was a public reading and a public interpretation of their religious books, the message of which may be summed up, in the words of one of their prophets, that "to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God" is all that true religion requires of man.

Thus the religious, the educational, the industrial, and the political institutions of the Roman Empire were all framed on the assumption that the world is made for the few, and the many are to be their servants; those of the Hebrew Commonwealth, on the assumption that the world is made for all, and the few are to be the servants of the many—a doctrine which has never found a clearer definition than in the statement of the Great Prophet of the New Judaism, "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant." The history of Europe from the first to the nineteenth century may be regarded as the history of the conflict between these two conceptions of life and the social order, in which, in successive epochs and by successive campaigns, the Hebrew conception,

[1] "Meaning of History," by Frederic Harrison, page 231.

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entertained originally by an insignificant and despised people, has triumphed over the Roman conception once entertained unquestioned throughout the then civilized world.

I have called Jesus Christ the Prophet of the New Judaism, for so he may be called when regarded simply as a social reformer. He took up the message of the earlier Hebrew prophets and repeated, emphasized, amplified, and extended it. His followers built upon their faith in his death and resurrection a faith that he had come to emancipate the many from the thrall of the few and found a new social order on the earth in which ambition should seek, not the highest things for self, but opportunity for the highest service for others; witnesses to his person and heralds of the new life, they went forth as missionaries to proclaim the advent of a kingdom of God or of heaven on the earth, in which the poor should be recipients of glad tidings, the broken-hearted should be healed, the captives delivered, the blind made to see, and the bruised should receive their liberty. Roman imperialism understood the social significance of this message better than some of those who delivered it, and, seeing very truly that these apostles had come to turn the world upside down, undertook to destroy the new spirit by wholesale persecutions. The attempt failed. The new faith and hope in humanity could not be extinguished; by the end of the fourth century it had captured the empire, though by no means all the people, and by the seventh century had overturned the old Rome and planted a new Rome in its place. The palace of the Cæsars became the Vatican of the Pope, the temples of the gods were turned into temples to Jehovah and to his Son Jesus Christ, and to Mary the mother of Jesus, and to saints who had given themselves to his service. Lanciani has shown that it was not the Goths and Vandals who destroyed ancient Rome; it was destroyed by the new Rome which built the churches of the new empire not merely on but out of the ruins of the old empire. The physical fact is symbolic of the spiritual. In vain did Charlemagne in the ninth century and Charles V. in the sixteenth century attempt to repeat a world-wide empire with a new capital as its center. Neither outlived its founder; the real successor of pagan Rome was ecclesiastical Rome.

In this transformation of imperialism from a military to an ecclesiastical organization the New Judaism had won its first victory. It is true that ecclesiastical Rome was as imperial as its predecessor; but the imperialism was ecclesiastical, not military. The history of Rome may be said to have been the reverse of that of the individual man. In the individual the spirit is immortal, the body dies; in the history of Rome the body remained and the new spirit took possession of it. The power of the Pope extended throughout the whole of Europe, and it was as absolute as the power of Augustus had been; it was administered by a bureaucracy as highly organized; the diocese corresponded to the province, the archbishop and bishop to the proconsul and the procurator. But the secret of power was entirely different. "The Empire," says John Morley, "was a political organization resting on military power; the Church was a social organization made vital by a conviction."[1] The one rested on fear of physical power here, the other on fear of divine penalty hereafter. It may be said that the one fear is no better than the other; but it is different. An empire resting on an idea can be conquered by an idea. By the transformation of pagan Rome into ecclesiastical Rome the battle between Imperialism and Hebraism was transferred from the physical to the spiritual realm.

The fundamental postulate of ecclesiastical Rome was that Jesus Christ had appointed Peter and his successors to be the vicar of God on the earth, to administer his kingdom, and direct and control his Church in his absence; that, therefore, what this vicar of God officially declared was infallibly true, and what he officially commanded must be implicitly obeyed. And inasmuch as a vicar of God could not, in the nature of the case, be everywhere at once to teach the divine truth and exercise the divine authority, inasmuch as he had not the divine quality of omnipresence, his authority must be executed through an ecclesiastical bureaucracy, and the voice of the priest must be accepted in the remotest parish as the voice of the Pope—that is, as representing the vicar of God. To refuse to hear and

[1] Diderot, by John Morley, Vol. I., p. 100.

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heed this voice was therefore counted, not merely an act of disrespect to an ecclesiastical superior, not merely a peril to the order and unity of the Church, but an act of disloyalty to Almighty God, whose vicar is the Pope, whose pro-vicar is the priest. On this postulate was built the whole superstructure of that ecclesiastical imperialism which constituted the Roman Catholic Church.

Starting with an attack upon what he believed to be an unauthorized abuse in the Church, Martin Luther was driven by the logic of events to deny this postulate. He did not merely put the Bible above the Church as the final authority; he did not merely claim for man what is called the right of private judgment under the authority of either Bible or Church; he affirmed that Christ was with his Church always, even to the end of the world; that he was not merely with the hierarchy, but was with every one who honestly sought to know and do his will; that there could be no vicegerent when the King was present, and that the King is present with and in every soul. The Roman Catholic Church was right to refuse all compromise with Luther; Luther was right to refuse all compromise with the Roman Catholic Church. There are some issues which cannot be compromised. This was such an issue. The final authority must be either outside the soul, in a church or a book, or within the soul, in the voice of the reason and the conscience. There cannot be concurrent supreme authorities which sometimes conflict. Luther gradually came to the conviction that the authority was within, not outside, the soul; but when he reached this conviction it was unalterable, and inspired him with a military ardor. "The investigations of the Reformer," says Dr. Julius Köstlin, who is perhaps his best modern interpreter, "lead to a clear conclusion that there is, according to the divine order, no external, tangible, final decision in matters of faith."[1] And this was Luther's conclusion, not merely the conclusion of Dr. Köstlin. In his reply to the Legate of Rome Luther contended, his biographer tells us, that "every faithful believer in Christ was superior to the Pope, if he could show better proofs and grounds of his belief."[1] Later reformers might draw back from so radical a conclusion; they might seek to find in a new Church, or a new epitome of the doctrine of the ancient Church, or in the Bible as the outgrowth of the primitive Church, a final authority which they could set up against Papal authority. But Luther, who had both a clear vision and an indomitable moral as well as physical courage, struck at the heart of ecclesiastical imperialism in his doctrine that the final authority in the spiritual realm is within, not without; in the conscience, not in a church or a book. His doctrine was not the right of private judgment, though that right may be deduced from his doctrine; it was the possibility for every soul of direct communion with God, and, therefore, for every soul to take its directions from Him and not substitute for Him any vicar or pro-vicar, living or dead, in Church or in literature.

It is not necessary for my purpose in this article to trace the history of this conviction and its revolutionary effect on the thought of Europe. Wherever it went it destroyed the superstructure of ecclesiastical imperialism, because it destroyed the foundation on which that superstructure was built. The second victory for the New Judaism had been won. Primitive Christianity, by influences working within the Roman Empire, had transformed it from a military to an ecclesiastical autocracy; Lutheranism, working from within, destroyed the foundation of the ecclesiastical autocracy. Speaking broadly, Lutheranism found acceptance only among the Germanic races; among the Latin races the ecclesiastical autocracy remained dominant, and there remained also, based on that autocracy, remnants of the old military imperialism, though not in any one world-wide power.

The religious revolution wrought by Lutheranism was followed by another, less dramatic but equally important in its effect on humanity—an intellectual revolution wrought by science and philosophy. So long as man imagined that this world was a flat plain, that it was the center of the universe, that all problems of life belonged to it, that the sun and the moon and the stars were mere subsidiary bodies created to illuminate it, he naturally conceived

[1] "The Theology of Luther," by Julius Köstlin, Vol. I., 509.

[1] "Life of Martin Luther," by Julius Köstlin, p. 116.

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that the problems of life were all within his comprehension, that it was possible to frame a comprehensive, complete, and adequate theory of the universe—that is, of the divine life and the divine law. The new astronomy gave to this belief a shock from which it has never recovered. As soon as men understood that this world was not the only nor even the chief stage of divine action, not the only nor even the chief realm in which God's laws are operating; when they realized that it was but a smaller one of many planets in what is probably but a smaller one of many planetary systems; when they began to get a glimpse of the infinitely great, and to discover that the best telescopes which art can create only show the universe, as we know it, to be boundless; when, further, the infinitely little began also to be conceived, and it was discovered that the finest microscopes which man can invent leave the smallest globule of matter still to be analyzed; when, still further, geology and anthropology began to carry history back into boundless realms in the past, and thus an infinity of time as well as an infinity of space became the subject of study, the old notion that man could form a complete system of truth and reveal it infallibly to other men, or receive it if it were so revealed, became untenable. Gnosticism yielded to agnosticism; the assumption of an infallible revelation was supplanted by the more modest endeavor to know in part and prophesy in part.

Contemporaneously with this development in observation came a development in thought. Men began to perceive that knowledge comes only by research, and to found their convictions, not on their imagination, but on their investigation. If some, in the reaction against the old scholasticism, denied the value of the intuitions altogether, others, more rational and more catholic, simply insisted that though the prophesyings of the poet and the seer were not to be despised, neither were they to be accepted with unquestioning credulity; that all testimony, whether of observation or consciousness, was to be tested and proved, and only such as could bear the test of a rational examination could be accepted as ascertained and established. Thus, partly through a new science, partly through a new philosophy, was born in Europe the doctrine of the relativity of knowledge, which found among its most eminent exponents Kant in Germany, Diderot in France, and Locke in England. While the imperial authority of the Church was rudely shaken and for the Protestant world wholly overthrown by Lutheranism, *i.e.*, by the doctrine that God is in his world and speaks in each soul and needs no vicar, the infallibility of the Church was rudely shaken, and for all who accepted the new philosophy wholly overthrown, by the doctrine of the relativity of knowledge, *i.e.*, by the doctrine that knowledge is not and cannot be instantaneously and infallibly revealed, but, founded on experience and tested by experience, must grow gradually as the soul grows, and must be limited by the limitations which time, space, and the laws and conditions of the human mind impose upon the soul. In the science of Copernicus and Galileo, and in the inductive philosophy of Bacon and what grew out of it, imperialism received a third and fatal blow, this time in the intellectual realm.

Lutheranism affirmed man's right, because his duty, to judge in the moral realm; the new philosophy affirmed his right, because his duty, to think in the intellectual realm; his right to act was still obstructed by remnants of Roman imperialism existing in the political and the industrial realm. To the conflict between the spirit of Hebraism and political and commercial imperialism inherited from ancient Rome I shall ask the attention of the reader in the next paper.

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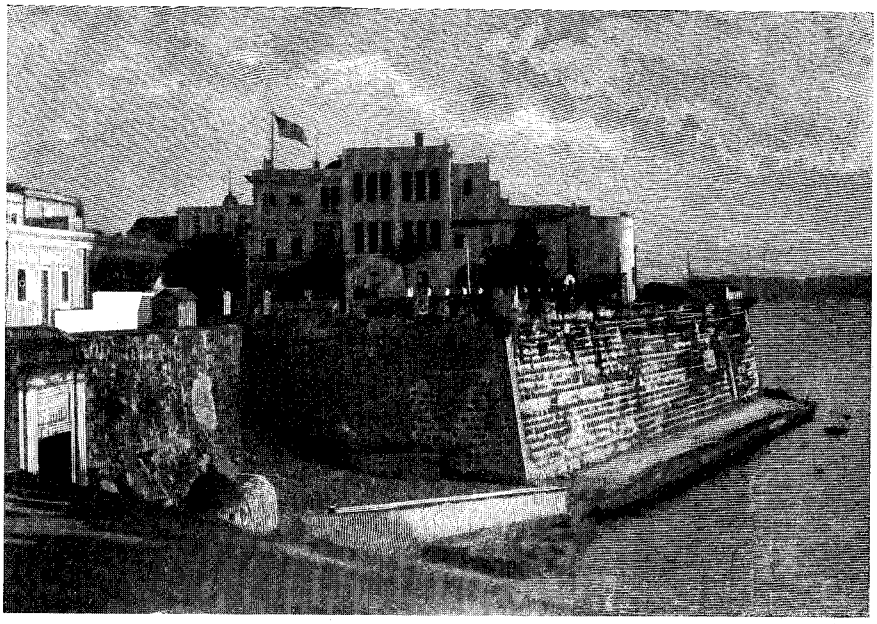
FOUR ISLAND CAPITALS



SAN JUAN

BY MRS. GUY V. HENRY

[Our readers will remember that General Guy V. Henry was the first Governor-General of Porto Rico under American rule. He was appointed to that post in December, 1898, and his death in October of the following year removed from the public service an administrator of high capacity as well as a brave and tried soldier who had received promotion over and over again for marked personal gallantry in battle during the Civil War and in the Indian wars. General Henry commanded a brigade at Santiago, and thereafter was made Major-General of Volunteers.—THE EDITORS.]

AFTER a five days' sail, rounding Morro Castle, we sail into a beautiful harbor, come to anchor at a little distance from the quay, and, in a burst of yellow sunshine, shimmering waters, and rock walls, San Juan Bautista, the capital of Porto Rico, rises clear and perfect from the waters. To the left, high, strong, and protective, in glistening light, stands Morro Castle; further on, quite to the right, is old Castle Cristobal. Tier on tier of narrow streets dropping down toward the harbor show white, green, blue, and gray walled buildings. To the left is seen the military commander's great house; exactly below it the long gray prison front. Further to the left is the Governor-General's palace; nestling at its side, under its very roof almost, the convent walls of the Little Sisters of Mercy. High above is Ponce de Leon's castle, all white and green. In a complete frame you see San Juan from the harbor. You land at the marble quay, go hurriedly and full of curiosity through the narrow streets, in and out of a few of the principal shops, buy a few bright handkerchiefs, a pretty Spanish lace fan maybe, and of course a brightly painted bull-fight fan, hurry around to the Palace, through the portal and past the United States sentinels, up the wide marble stairway, and at the head of the steps enter into a large, high-ceilinged, and beautiful

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room. An aide-de-camp comes forward to meet you. Your card is taken. You pay your respects to the Governor-General, if he has time to see you and you have time to wait. A guide hurries you through a few of the lower rooms of the Palace, and you are off. To the gate of Morro Castle then; a view of the magnificent stretch of sea-wall and dashing surf, and on to the photographer's for pictures of castles, forts, and a street scene or two, and back again to the ship; you take your dinner, lounge on deck, and congratulate yourself that you have seen San Juan, capital of the new colony. You have no more seen San Juan than if you had looked only on the back of the gray canvas of a picture.

Come back, lay all hurry aside, land with slower step on the quay, and learn to understand the real San Juan Bautista of the Spanish West Indian Islands, or St. John the Capital, lying in 18° 29′ N., 66° 7′ W., on the north coast of Porto Rico, founded by Ponce de Leon in 1514. It is situated on a small island called Morro, with the Atlantic on one side and the fine harbor on the other, and is connected with the mainland by long stone bridges. The strong rock-walled city presented a formidable barrier to many attacks, which makes it seem of more value to us when we remember that the old town was sacked by Drake in 1595 and by the Duke of Cumberland in 1598. Later the Dutch made an attack. The attempt made again in 1678 was unsuccessful. In 1797 Abercrombie instituted a three days' siege, but all to no purpose. Spanish sway still held. The Porto Ricans felt the hand of power crushing them down to such an extent that in 1820 an uprising began at San Juan to throw off the bond of slavery and declare independence. But Spanish power was too strong, and a complete restoration of Spain followed.

With a bondage which held the people in abject fear, and with Spanish prisons built strong and firmly barred, with courts of law and justice absolutely corrupt, with no sympathy from the Church and no hope for the future, these poor people were held until about 1823, when new laws were enacted called the Protective Labor Laws, which meant but a kind of modified slavery; labor was a forced system, and taxes upon everything was the veil thrown over slavery. A Governor-General was handsomely paid by Spain, and, when recalled, took millions away with him. Officers in civic positions under him practiced independently their power, and appointed to office or turned out as they pleased, and as suited the corrupt carrying out of corrupt laws. Marriage was a right and privilege only for those who had means. The taxes of both Church and State were too great for the poor classes. The Church, corrupt in its power and usages, lost its influence with the people, and yet it stood a whiplash ready to deal out stripes like knives on the backs of the bowed and humble sufferers. In the midst of all this there was yet the usual growth of a city's power and civilization. Asylums, hospitals, cathedrals, churches, and barracks were built and filled. Social life was of a high order among the better classes. Spanish marriages with native Porto Ricans were constant, and the children of these marriages were sent to the Continent and to Spain to receive splendid educational advantages. A few were sent to America, and imbibed a new, strange feeling of independence. Years went on. The wretched fraudulent system of taxation, of forced labor, of deception and fraud, filled Spain's coffers, paid her debts, and lined the pockets of her representative officials. Social life with the formality of royalty controlled everything. But the prisons were full, the undercurrent was running swiftly, and the time was growing ripe for the harvest—with what suddenness it came on that bright October morning of 1898 our country knows.

The guns swung into place on the great naval ships outside the harbor, closing in round Morro Castle and San Cristobal; and boom went the American shells over the city of San Juan, scattering fear and consternation among Spanish subjects, making big, ugly holes in the old church on the plaza, hitting strong and true against the Spanish barracks, cutting jags of big open landmarks straight through its walls. Sleepless nights and anxious days filled the hours of those in power. Over on the coast, south and west, Miles, Brooke, Henry, and Wilson were landed with strong forces. Couriers brought the news hurriedly to the capital, and wires flashed the startling word that flags of truce were going forward from beleaguered

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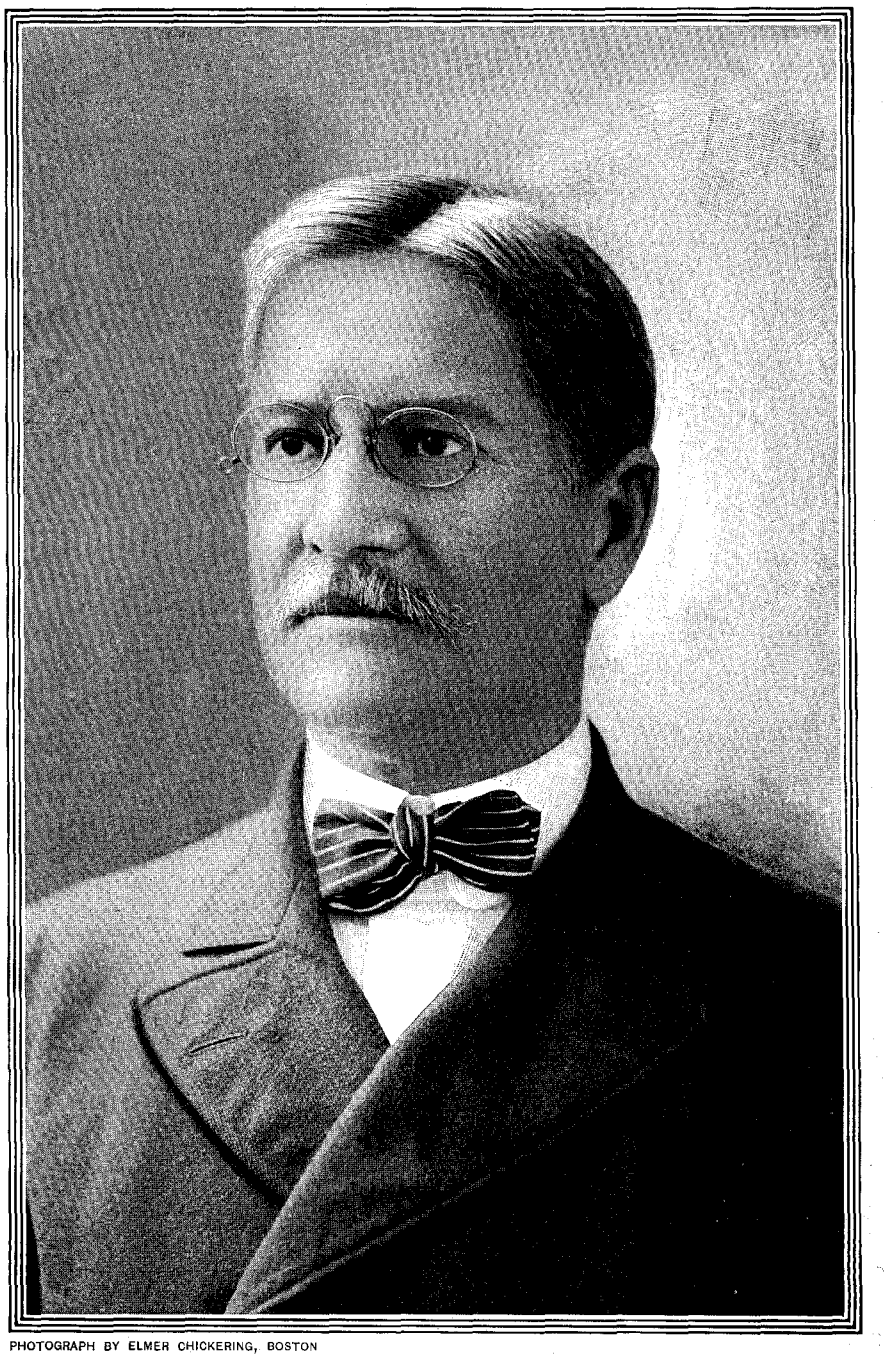

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELMER CHICKERING, BOSTON

HON. CHARLES H. ALLEN
Governor-General of Porto Rico.

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places all over the island. A few more hours of bombardment of the little city so strongly built on its rock walls, and of consternation among wide-eyed waiting people, and then boom went the ships' guns, the bugle-call sounded, and in marched our men in blue, stretching long legs on Spanish soil, with the tramp, tramp of feet shaking off the aches of a cramped sea voyage, and the flag of a great Nation unfolded from Morro Castle, from the Governor-General's palace, and from the City Hall.

With the dawn of the new day what was found in the old capital? A leaf turned over, with its folded sins, misdirected government, and fraudulent past all behind; forward, facing the American people, a white page. What shall be written thereon?

Walking down the streets of San Juan, on either side, where the shops had not crowded them out into darker, dirtier homes—on the lower floor, with the one window opening on the street, in the dark alleys and hallways, the pale, sad faces of women and children living in numbers of thirty or forty in these miserable, low, dark rooms, call in solemn words for light and life and air. Up the stairway, in rooms above, live the better classes; all that speaks of homes of wealth and power —quiet laughter and happy voices, music of piano, harp, or violin—sounds outward from the long open windows on the balconies. As one treads the streets at night, one feels certain from the foul scent which drives one to the middle of the street that on the white page of this turned-over leaf must be written the word "Cleanliness." Thanks to a wise Governor-General, who quickly discerned this first need and as soon as possible put into action sanitary laws unknown before, tons of stored garbage were unearthed, foul courts cleaned out, and, against much opposition, by patient, laborious effort, and with an able officer, Major Davison, working night and day, San Juan put on the look of cleanliness; pipes laid throughout the city before many months sent the swishing, whirling water into the houses, while the wondering people looked on. The reform of washing the city clean was followed close by a cleansing of judicial systems. Spanish sympathizers were quietly dropped out of the department, and men of ability and honesty and in touch with the new laws formed a Cabinet, not working independently as heretofore, but subject to the Governor-General's mandate. The Supreme Court was found from the first (with one or two exceptions, removed later on) to be a body of highly educated men, fully equal to the highest demands of the bench. Two political parties held sway in the island—the Radicals (Spanish party) and the Liberals (the masses). A representative of each of these parties, from every town on the island, in response to a circular issued by General Henry, met in the Palace at San Juan on the 19th day of December, 1898. It was a unique way to call these two opposing parties together. Holding bitter feuds, and with all the diplomacy of politicians and the peculiar traits of the Latin race, it was said that this gathering would probably end in bloodshed. As early as nine o'clock crowds gathered in front of the Palace; an ominous silence filled the air; footsteps sounded for an hour on the marble stairway, and by ten o'clock the great room was filled, and there was an overflow of standing people in small crowds about the long open windows and on the balconies. General Henry sat at the head of the room, a strong power, watching with an eagle eye the slightest approach to antagonism beyond the fair hearing of each party, while freedom of argument and speech was allowed and desired up to a certain point. Midday found the factions in absolute silence as they filed out. Reassembling as the cool sea breezes of the late afternoon began to touch the heated brows, General Henry, the very last to speak, rose to his feet, and cheer upon cheer echoed from the lofty ceiling and rang throughout the old Palace. In a few simple, direct, but eloquent words General Henry said: "You have laid before me to-day complaints, grievances, recommendations, and desires. The Liberals desire that only those who read and write should be allowed to vote; the Radicals insist that suffrage should be universal, and every inhabitant be permitted to cast his ballot. These are questions, with many others, which keep the blood of feeling and discussion at fever heat. I am not here to decide them; I represent a government which will unite with you later on in the decision of these

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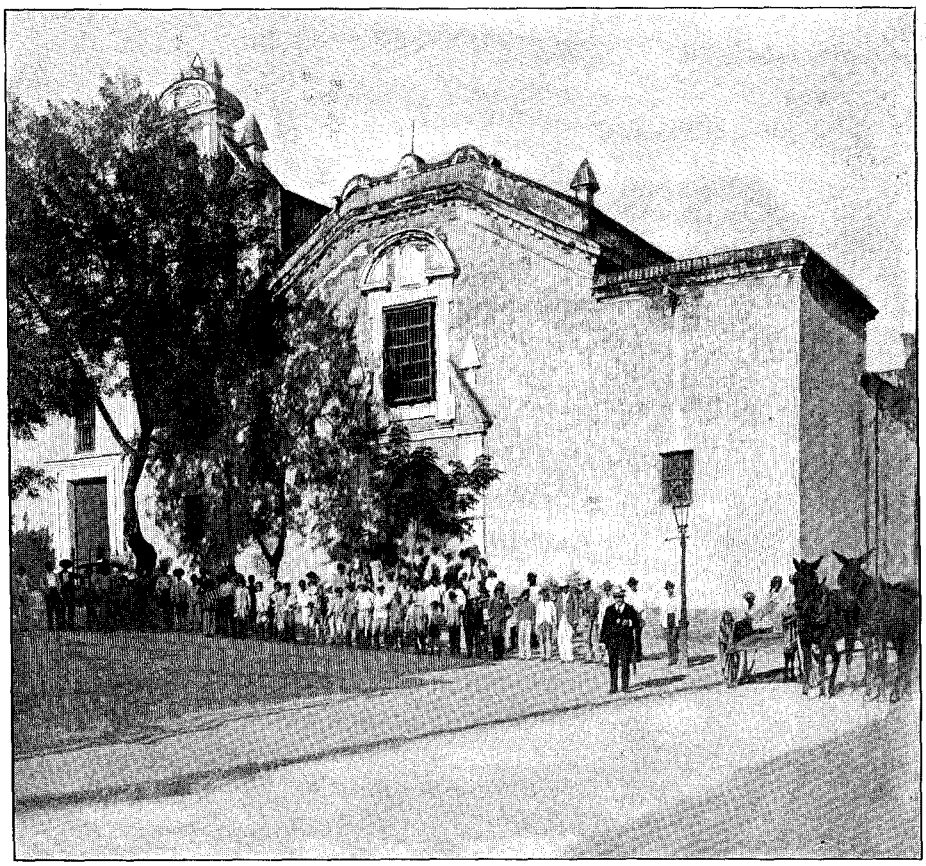
matters; but I represent a government by the people and for the people, and I appeal to you as a people to drop the relics of the past and clasp hands over the simple question of to-day. Let us teach the people first self-reliance and confidence, and infuse in them a feeling of patriotism and high interest in your special and present needs; and thus, in a unison of parties, and an abiding patience, trust in



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THE OLD CHURCH OF SAN JOSÉ

the outcome of betterment for all your future, and for these children of yours who will live to reap the benefit of a glorious freedom denied perhaps to you."

Good will pervaded the room as the meeting closed, old bitter feuds were cast aside for the time, hands were clasped in greeting that had not touched for many a year, and there sprang up the first real feeling of earnest desire to aid the new Governor-General, and to wait with patience the raising of the heavy burden of taxation. The old Guardia Civil was put aside, and with it one of the last vestiges of Spanish money-making power. A system of trying natives as police was started, an Insular Police formed; examinations were made strict and physical requirements imperative. Young men of the best families in San Juan competed as officers, and most ably was the force drilled and brought to much completeness by Captain Tuthill. This reform has stood the test of time. Social life took on a brightness. A large colony of army and navy were gathered within the city, in close, small quarters, wherever rooms could be found for officers' families. It fell naturally to the hostesses in the large houses to do the entertaining. The wife of the Governor-General, and Mrs. Grant, wife of the military commander, General Fred Grant, opened their homes for large social functions, and again for musicales and small evenings "at home." With the charm of old

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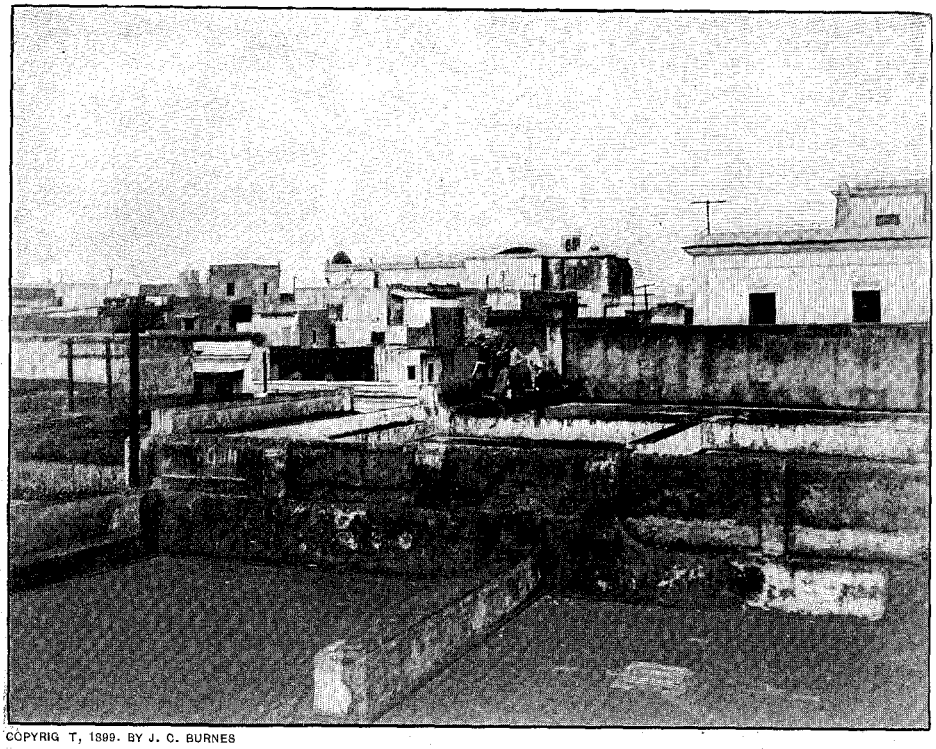

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SAN JUAN FROM THE HOUSETOPS

Showing the peculiar roof construction of massive stone, which is supposed to insure the safety of the houses in case of earthquakes.

palace surroundings, lofty ceilings, mirror-lined walls, innumerable waxen candles in the old candelabras, huge palms and nodding branches of flowers, these functions in the old Palace made a delightful scene. Across the way in the large ball-room of the military commander—army officers in the uniform of the field, or more fortunate ones in the full-dress uniform, the navy always perfectly dressed for every occasion—the well-gowned American women, the pretty girls, the timid, dignified, but simply dressed Porto Rican women, the stately dignitaries of the Cabinet, the justices and the priests, all passed with all the ceremony of royalty in line on the evenings of the large functions at the Palace. Later on the strains of the Eleventh Infantry band filled the rooms, followed by dancing over the marble floors four hundred years old, now resounding to the charm of it all, the grace of it all. But little exchange of hospitality was given to the city in those new days, not because every home was not open to the Americans—for Porto Ricans are the most hospitable, the kindest-hearted people in the world—but they were too timid, everything was so new and strange in the sweeping aside of the old customs. The members of the Cabinet, however, came forward and in simple, quiet taste did what they could to receive the strangers on a musicale evening, or at home with dancing.

The shopkeepers, always most polite and attentive to customers, waited patiently behind their counters or at the shop door to escort visitors within with quiet welcome but subdued excitement that looked for immediate upbuilding of trade now that these wonderful people had come. The stores were within the small rooms running far back to dark and dirty alleys. All was at your service to handle and inspect; but in vain one looked. Meagerness in quantity was the one thing most noticed; there was always the promise of the ship from France and Germany that was to bring more. It often came, but it never left more. One felt that these people, ground down to such an extent that trade had languished for years, deserved that on the new leaf, next to the injunction

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of cleanliness, should be written in great letters that he who runs might read, a line directly across the page—"Open the ports, lift the tariff, give commerce a chance." In San Juan itself, made a center of trade, with its fine harbor, a nucleus of commercial interchange should be begun at once; let the output grow and overflow into the coffee plantations and the sugar-mills now empty and silent. Open the ports! Empty the city of all the past, clean out the lower floors, and let light, God's blessed sunshine, in, of which there is plenty and to spare in the suburbs. In return for free trade, see what northern syndicates might do—build homes, form betterments to take away from the heart of San Juan death-dealing pestilence—see what real American push in the right direction and of the best kind might do. The low politicians and the man who goes to bribe and deceive the native Porto Ricans would find that he is met on equal ground if necessary—their whole lives have had but that.

Drive out from the city into the little town of Santurce, across the long stone bridge with the pretty white and green balconied houses on either side, through the salt marshes and thick setting of palmettos and plantains breaking beautiful and green in the light down to the harbor. On the other side, higher ground, green fields, and a sweep close to the sea, with waves breaking and singing of possibilities of growth all along the shore. Right there at the left, back of great royal palms, lies a point jutting wide and splendid right to the very sea itself. What American enterprise would fail to see there the very place for a great hotel? What a gorgeous setting of wide blue sea, washing waves, sunny skies, and tropical sunsets! All through December and on until April life near the city of San Juan would be well worth the living. Turn your head to the far mountains rising in bluish purple light, and think of the drives and rides with coach or wheel. The little railroad which now reaches from San Juan to a little way beyond Rio Piedros is primitive, but nothing belonging to America remains long that way, and soon syndicates will build roads. Markets must improve with open ports. Ice-plants are already a paying investment, and the rich, quick yielding of the soil should be aided by agricultural implements from the States to take the place of the old one-rod plow, while the slow-moving oxen which crowd the country roads and fill, with dire dismay to pedestrians, the over-crowded city streets, should be sent where they belong, to field use and to till the soil. Begin with Porto Rico and empty some of our crowded cities and surplus of young men of the right sort into this new colony. Young men of education, college graduates with some knowledge of the Spanish language or quick capacity for learning it, even with small means to start with, if they have a high-minded sense of honor and honesty, might do much here.

The schools in old San Juan were of not much account—a fine system on paper, but no system in practice. In the new régime of the city this matter of schools and proper school buildings was made a subject of many hours of serious thought by General Henry. Representing a thorough educational system and much experience and knowledge in carrying it out, General Eaton was sent from Washington and undertook this arduous task. Months of work filled with obstacles awaited his patient, willing efforts, and developed the starting-point of a public-school system which will in time grow to definite practice.

General Eaton, enfeebled in health, returned to the States, and was succeeded by Dr. Clark, in whose able hands the work advanced. A public-school building was erected outside the city gates, on good ground, where pure air for the first time in four hundred years had a chance to circulate through clean, good-sized rooms, and fan the little brows bent over the new English books eagerly working to learn how to be good citizens of their new country.

The Roman Catholic Church, after wise consultation as to its especial and peculiar needs in the capital and throughout the island where sin and fraud had crept in, placed at its head Bishop Blanc, who came to Porto Rico with Archbishop Chapelle as Father Blanc. He was closely and constantly associated with the Archbishop in looking over the ground, and on their return to the United States was made Bishop of Porto Rico—an able, generous, cultured, high-minded man, in touch with all that counts for the best for his

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people. The Protestant Episcopal Church is represented by the Rev. Dr. Pratt, of the Diocese of Chicago, an earnest, faithful representative who gives much thought and strength to combat the obstacles besetting his path. It is rather a painful thought that the small gathering of faithful church communicants must yet gather for service in the Intendencia, a public building on the Plaza, where the noise of many vehicles and of passing footsteps, and the cries of street venders, come constantly in the many long open windows. Kneeling on the bare floor around the rude altar on Easter morning in May, 1898, were thirty communicants; among them a gray-haired officer and a young lieutenant who had last knelt side by side in confirmation far off on the Indian frontier.

The Baptist Church sent a representative to San Juan, and the Methodist Episcopal Church early looked into the work in this new colony. Too much cannot be said in praise of Mr. Charles Smith in his earnest and faithful work as representative of the Young Men's Christian Association in establishing a reading-room for the soldiers, and in bringing many a homesick man, wandering aimlessly past, into this room, small though it was, but filled with welcome, and with hearty singing that rang out with a good will on a hot Sunday morning in San Juan. The flag is not responsible for the immediate religious advancement in the new colonies, but the people of every Christian denomination in the mother land are responsible, and it is high time they awoke to this fact.

Two years have passed. Harried by Nature's hurricanes and Congressional storms, the island stands yet waiting for better days. But behold the capital, the San Juan of to-day! No more the little craft with dipping sails skimming the water swiftly to meet the ships just entering the harbor; instead, the great ships sail straight up to a large, commodious wharf, over which pass eight or ten times each month the cargoes of several large freighters, controlled by one steamship company alone. The railroad company has extended its lines to and upon the wharf, while the flat, picturesque old lighters swing idly out in the stream, and the hum of bickering natives is lost in the rumble of quickly loaded wagons and carts. A well-equipped quarantine station stands near by. We go up the narrow street where once was the miniature tramway. All gone! A modern American electric railway now runs through the principal thoroughfares of the capital and out into the beautiful suburbs. At night, above the narrow streets, electric globes swing with winking self-assertion against tropical insects and bats. A concession has recently been obtained for the development of a splendid water-power a few miles distant; it is financed by Philadelphia capitalists, and its completion will supply light and power so cheaply that each poor native looks eagerly to see the long green cord and glass bulb swinging from a beam across his thatched shack. Though pigs and naked babies yet roll together over the floor, he is an Americano now—there swing the cord and bulb—the larger *niños* wear clothes, and are yonder in the Americano school. The waterworks system for cleansing the city, begun under the administration of General Henry, now furnishes to the capital an adequate supply of fresh, pure water. The policy of 1898 extended with force and firmness into private kitchens, into sewers of ancient date, and into filthy courtyards to destroy the death-dealing odors which "smelled to heaven." The result finds to-day in San Juan streets cleaner than those of New York, while the air at night cannot offend the most sensitive. No more garbage goes into the streets, the sewers are in good condition, and San Juan is thus saved from the category of ancient cities and made one of the most healthful and, sad to say from a picturesque point of view, one of the most modern capitals of the tropic belt. But it is along the line of educational and political reorganization that the greatest progress has been made. No more do we find the hot little room of the early days of occupation, where the white head of General Eaton bent early and late over the task of school reformation against three hundred years' usage. Now one finds the Department of Education in seven large, pleasant rooms in the "Intendencia" Building. In this department is now a pedagogical library carrying five hundred volumes, and rapidly increasing in size and value. These books are mailed to and given out to teachers throughout

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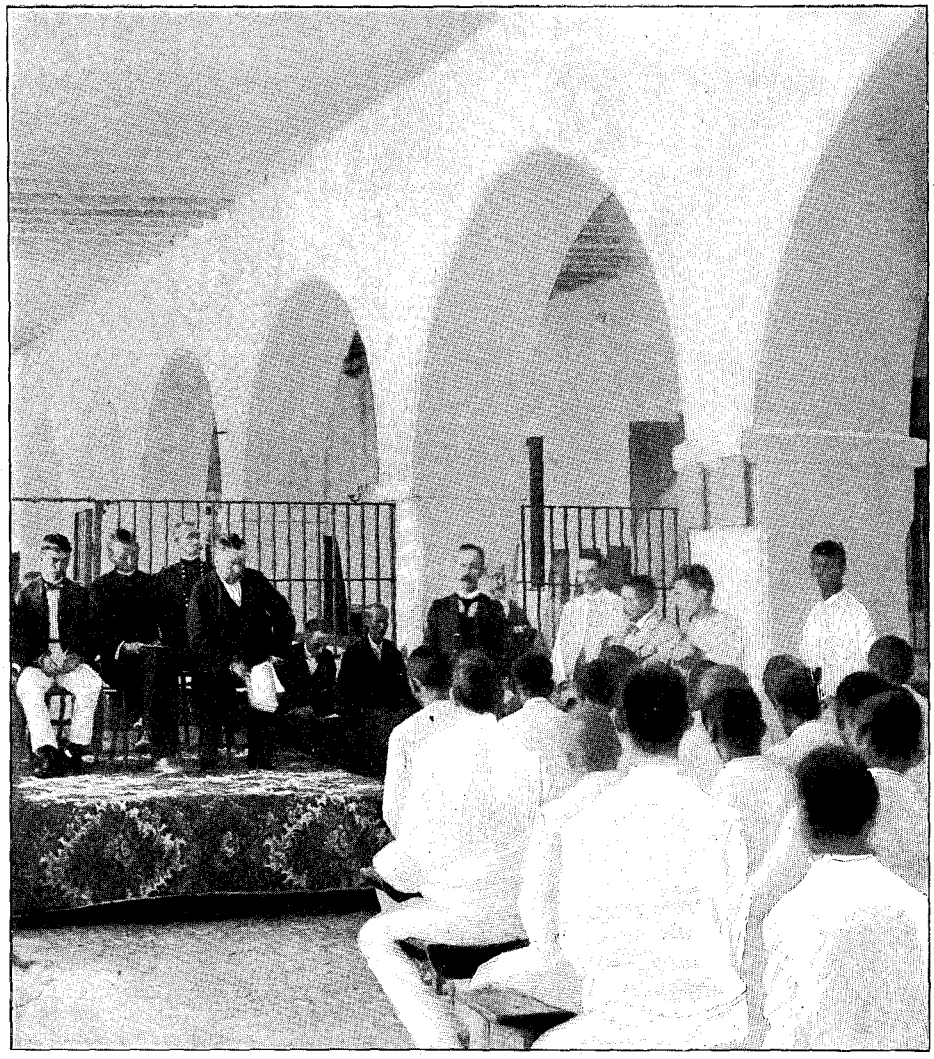

MORNING PRAYERS IN THE SAN JUAN PRISON
The third man from the left on the platform is the late General Henry.

the island. Under the same department a free public library, with over six hundred volumes, both in Spanish and English, has also been opened in the Post-Office Building. Under the same head an English school has been established, including every grade from primary to the third year of the high school, with a faculty of eleven teachers and an attendance of over three hundred pupils. In addition to the above a regular set of schools are conducted in four different places. In all, there are upwards of forty-five schools, attended by two thousand pupils, in the capital, all under the care of the able Commissioner of Education, M. G. Brumbaugh.

Social life in San Juan yet lacks organization so far as the native and foreign elements are concerned. Ignorance of the language on both sides explains much. No rich Americans with time and money to spare are found, and but few army and navy representatives since December last; instead, hard-working executive officers, and, I am glad to say, honest, well-educated, earnest young men of a high order, with untiring zeal, are rapidly putting themselves at the head of their professions and making a mark for themselves, an income, and a friendship with the Porto Ricans by kindness, courtesy, and honest dealing with them.

While the leaven has been working in

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THE OLD CHURCH NEAR THE INFANTRY BARRACKS

This was twice struck during the bombardment of San Juan by Admiral Sampson's fleet.

schools, municipalities, and sanitary improvement, religious growth has gone rather slowly onward; however, things are now brightening. Bishop Whitaker, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was sent to Porto Rico by the Board of Missions. He seems very hopeful as to results, and Dr. Van Buren, of Lynn, Mass., has been made Presbyter in charge of San Juan. Mr. Pratt, rector in charge for the past two years, returned from New York in February, glad at heart at awakened interest, and bringing a big bundle of fifty prayer-books in the Spanish language. Other denominations have kept pace; some, indeed, have gone ahead with earnest purpose in Sunday-school and mission work, and met with encouragement from the natives. Bishop Blanc yet remains administering wisely and faithfully to his flock.

The Woman's Aid Society is a power in the city of San Juan. On the 20th of February, 1898, a small gathering of army and navy women and half a dozen Porto Ricans met in the salon of the Palace. On that memorable day was planted with fear and trembling the grain of mustard-seed which stands to-day with strong, far-spreading branches. The names of eight hundred poor women are enrolled upon the list of this Society in San Juan alone. Hundreds and hundreds of little children have been clothed and gathered into this protecting fold. Non-pauperizing and non-sectarian principles were the only rules of action laid down by this little band of earnest workers. They alone know how unselfish love, patience, and that charity which worketh no evil has carried over rough places and almost unsurmountable barriers these true American women.

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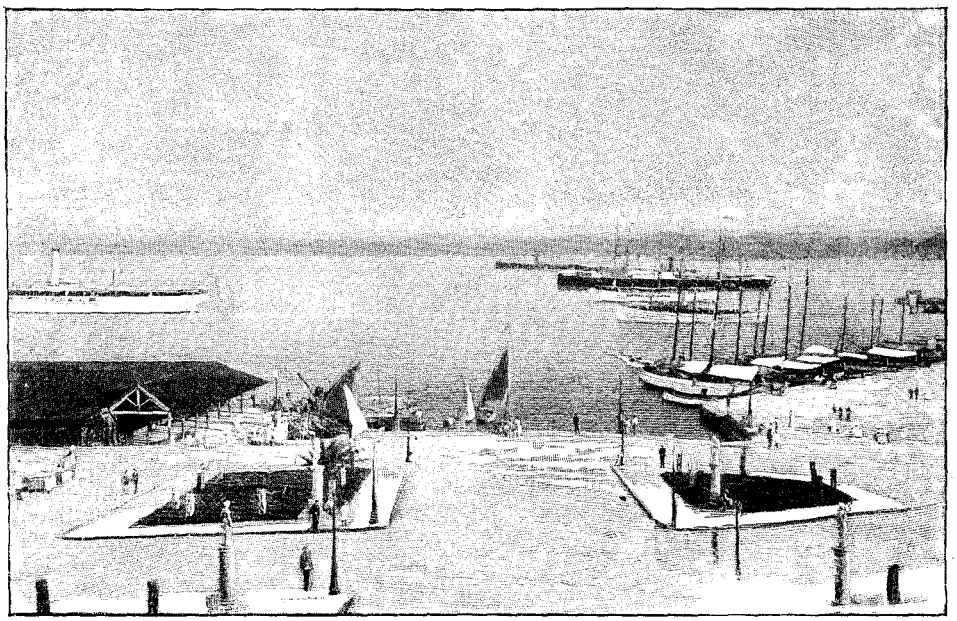
A word now as to what fills the heart of every native Porto Rican and makes the leaven of growth more deeply felt in a city which counts as a colonial capital. The Legislative Assembly recently convened, in accordance with a provision of the Foraker Act creating a civil government for Porto Rico. The occasion and the men were very serious; very little display or noise attended the opening of the Legislature. The same quiet seriousness attended the sessions. The adoption of the American system of parliamentary practice, and the necessity of conducting the business of the Executive Council in English, as well as the passing of the bills in that language, which is the official one, made it extremely difficult for the delegates to do much. The existence of the Executive Departments and the Legislative Assembly calls together the most intelligent and highly educated of Porto Ricans, while the representative delegate in Washington (Señor Digateau) is a man of the highest culture and ability. All this and other wondrous changes in the little walled city of San Juan must soon bring timely fruit. With it all there will be depression and unrest until there comes a decision as to the application of our Constitution to Porto Rico and to commercial interchange.

In memory I am standing again on the Palace roof high above the city walls. The call of the evening street vender comes musically upward; the sun sinks slowly down into the purple-shadowed hills; a tinkling bell sounds softly from the little convent straight down the Palace wall; the high treble voices of the Sisters sing the evening hymn; stronger, fuller, firmer come the answering notes of the singing children. Hark! A rush of pattering feet up the worn stone steps, close-crowded little heads pushed out of the casement, and earnest eyes turned upward to the flag. Over on Morro Castle booms the evening gun, from old San Cristobal sounds across the little city the national hymn, while slowly down the staff droops the American flag. Silence falls! From the great beyond come back the last written words of one who has forever laid down his sword and pen: "The American people assumed a grave responsibility when they raised the Stars and Stripes over Porto Rico. That its unfolding must at last bring peace and prosperity cannot be gainsaid, but in the children taught to honor that flag may we see fulfillment."



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THE HARBOR OF SAN JUAN

From the Custom-House.

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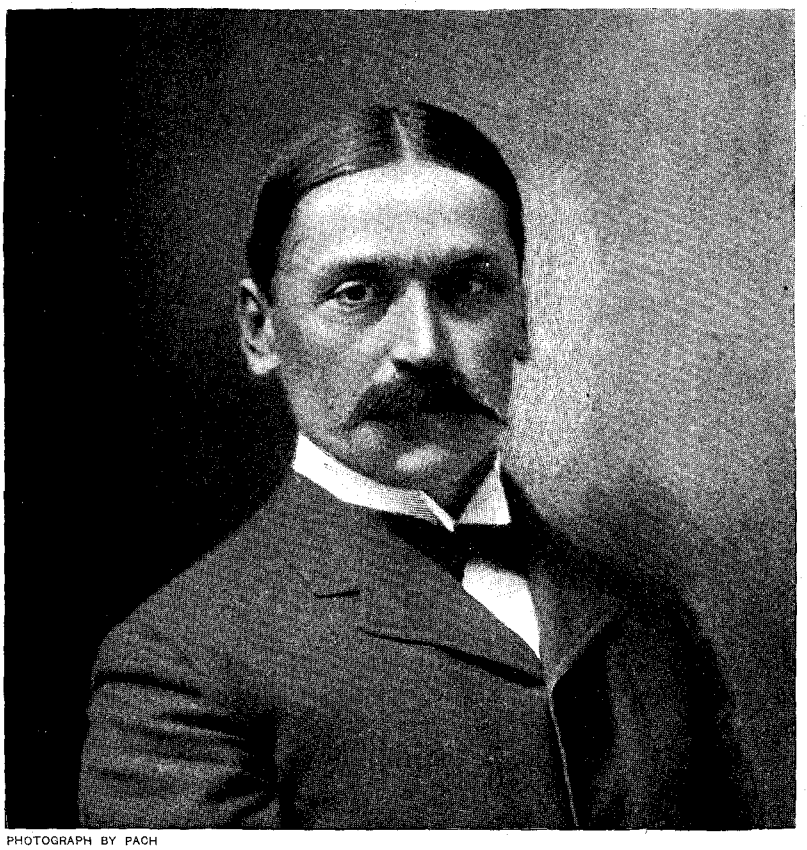

PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH

Professor M. I. Pupin

The very convincing fact that a commercial company has paid Professor Pupin several hundred thousand dollars for his electrical inventions makes one look forward to practical changes of great importance in long-distance telephoning and ocean cabling, to both of which these inventions will be applied. Technical description is impossible here. By the insertion in the wire or cable of special vibration-coils the current is energized, waste of current is prevented, and it is said that long-distance telephoning will be possible between places 3,000 miles apart. It is even conceivable that it may become possible to talk across, or under, the Atlantic, when, in some near future, a Pupinized (if we may coin the word) cable has been laid. In land telephoning immediate results of great importance are hoped for; even in the small ordinary circuits great economy is predicted, as the invention makes it possible to use smaller wires—and the cost of wire is a large item. The inventor, Professor Michael Idvorsky Pupin, Ph.D., is an Austrian by birth, now about forty-two years of age. He ran away from school, came to America, worked in shops, then, pushed by his desire for knowledge, he entered Columbia University, where he is now an instructor. Later he studied at Cambridge (England), where he was the first American to take the John Tyndall Fellowship, and at Berlin, where he studied physical science under Helmholtz and took his Ph.D. degree. Returning to America, he engaged in special investigation of the vibration of cords and electrical currents. The result was the practical invention named above. The incident is a striking refutation of the popular fallacy that all great inventions are found by accident.

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Memoirs of the Civil War[1]

THE adaptability of the educated American is remarkable. An illustration of this comes in two portly octavo volumes of "Military Reminiscences of the Civil War," by General Jacob Dolson Cox. Most interesting in its narrative, which allures the reader on from page to page, although over much familiar ground, the work is of especial interest as a revelation of its author—perhaps an exceptionally high but still a fairly characteristic type of the men who, without previous military training, rose to distinction in the Civil War.

When that dread era opened, Mr. Cox was a young lawyer of thirty-three, but already for two years a State Senator in Ohio, a colleague and intimate friend of James A. Garfield. He held a sort of honorary commission as brigadier in the State militia, but had never even had on a uniform, although he had interested himself theoretically in tactics and strategy, and had carefully read some military histories. Being summoned by Governor Dennison to assist in organizing the troops called for, he was put in charge of a camp of instruction. From that moment he laid aside all else and, in the methodical fashion shown in the writing of his book, undertook to fit himself for the duties he was to perform. Amid all his official labors, he diligently studied tactics, made himself familiar with the Army Regulations, and persistently kept up, even later, in the field, a course of reading in military books, English and French, including the whole of Jomini's works, Kinglake's "Crimean War," etc. His collegiate and legal training gave a quick and retentive mind facility in comprehension, and, as his story manifests, he became a thoroughly equipped and efficient soldier, in both the executive and administrative branches of the service, having the advantage of practical work by which to test and fix in mind the results of his study.

From the camp of instruction he was sent to the field, a brigadier-general of United States Volunteers, with command in the Kanawha Valley in West Virginia, where he did admirable service. Thence he was, in the summer of 1862, transferred with his division to the Army of the Potomac; in 1863 again sent West, in charge of the District of Ohio; again commanded troops in East Tennessee and in the Atlanta campaign; was retained in Tennessee when Sherman began his march to the sea, but was once more transferred to the East with his troops in 1864, joined Sherman by sea in North Carolina, and so continued to the end. He came out of the war a major-general, with a splendid record for courage, knowledge, judgment, and efficiency. In 1866 he was elected Governor of Ohio, and in 1869 became Secretary of the Interior under Grant, who knew and trusted him. Of late years he devoted much time to the writing up of important phases of the war, in which he had taken part, and finally prepared these elaborate "Reminiscences." Such a career embodies, not, indeed, the highest genius, but, what is of more importance as a stimulus to the vast majority, the highest qualities of manhood.

In the "Reminiscences" the writer's precision and scrupulous exactitude of statement appear on every page, not only in the profuse foot-note references to authorities, but in the careful explication of details. In the Kanawha Valley campaign we have the movements of brigades, regiments, companies, and small detachments, with names of officers, description of topography, and the objects, methods, and results of every action. When brought upon the broader stage of eastern Virginia, in association with larger bodies of men and more important commanders, we have the record of similar movements, but now of divisions, corps, armies, and a no less familiar depiction of the personal qualities of the leaders, among whom he seems to have mingled, high in their confidence, and intrusted with weighty responsibilities. Indeed, the character-sketches he gives of all the most prominent soldiers of that war—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, McClellan, Burnside, etc.—are among the most interesting

[1] *Military Reminiscences of the Civil War.* By Jacob Dolson Cox, A.M., LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 2 vols. $6.

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passages in his memoirs. He knew them intimately, observed them kindly but closely, and describes them appreciatively, in their foibles no less than their powers, yet with the evident intent of perfect fairness.

General Cox has had great resource in the published "Official Records," giving the correspondence, orders, reports, etc., of both the Federals and Confederates, and he has taken full advantage of this double-focused view, giving a rounded completeness to his picture of many an event heretofore seen from but a single standpoint. There is a sense of justice as well as of clear-eyed vision throughout. General Cox is not impeccable; he has his little prejudices. Some generals get scant consideration at his hands, despite the developments of later knowledge more favorable to them; but, in general, fairness is his noticeable quality. His thought is clear, his language simple, his chosen material abounding in vitality, his presentation of it uniformly interesting. Never sensational, he is never dull, but eminently readable. The personal element—either his own or that of others—predominates, and that is perhaps one secret of the interest excited.

The author devotes considerable space to discussions of certain principles which should (but rarely do) obtain in the successful prosecution of war, containing valuable lessons quite as useful for civil as for military life. His comments on the varied elements involved are both wise and entertaining. As an account of the episodes of the war in which he took part, the work is an authority which must be reckoned with by the historian hereafter. Yet, on the whole, it is the development of characters under the stress of events—both those of greater and of lesser fame—which will most securely hold the reader; and, among them, none more than the record of the individual career of the author himself.

Wilderness Night

By William J. Long

This silent air is musical with thought—
The sleepy forest nods to lullaby;
The mountains lift their faces to the sky
That bendeth like a mother o'er her child.
I hear the beating of the lake's great heart;
The fragrant breathing of the sleeping world
Is soft as any babe's upon my cheek.
There is a ringing, faint, but sweet and clear—
Some star-bell rang its silver midnight chime;
Or was it but a tinkle on the lake
Where ice-spears clinked their points upon the rock?
The little tent that nestles mid the firs
Has shut its door, and thinks I am within.
It dreams again
Of waters far away, and lakes, and woods
That whispered when they saw its face appear,
And heard the ax, and smelled the smoking birch:
"The Wanderer has come again for rest."

The fire burns low; I cannot leave it yet.
It sings the forest songs with music strange;
It breathes the first pure worship of the world.
Still glows the flame, and holds me with its spell,
As once it held the Aztec's simple eyes,
When on his mountain-top he watched alone
Till the sun's great fire had kissed his little fire,
And told him that the earth and heavens are one;

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That stars and sparks and fire and light divine
Are but the pulsing of the one great Flame.
The sparks fly upward as on Chaldee's plain,
Fire-children, long imprisoned on the earth
And now set free—they thank me as they go.
Long have I heard them crooning in the logs
The captive's song that hasteth to release:

Ori n there, above the tallest peak,
Whose sparks no deeps can drown, no æons dim,
He is our Father; let us go to him;
And little Pleiades, that hide and seek
Amid the lights and clouds of Far-away,
Our brothers, and they miss us in their play—

A flash, a rush, a singing in the air!
And they are gone into the perfect night,
and waiting for their own.

on the silent world,
h from the hand of God—
ngs was never breathed—
st when it was done,
joy undimmed,
pronounce it good.
crets to the pines;
little ones to sleep;
fire burns;
their release,
I cannot speak.

ıe Week

ed by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Alfred, the West Saxon King of the English. By Dugald Macfadyen, M.A. Illustrations. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 376 pages.

This volume belongs to the series of "Saintly Lives" edited by R. F. Horton for the purpose of applying the truth of Dr. Jowett's declaration that morals are to be taught rather by biography than by set treatises. It is proposed in this series to tell the story of great Englishmen and Englishwomen whose names are not to be found in the official orthodox hagiology, but who are, nevertheless, saints by virtue of the elevation of their aims, the beauty of their natures, and the unselfishness and usefulness of their lives. In this company of those who are saints in deed, if not in name, Alfred the Great rightly holds his place; and this book comes at a time when the whole English-speaking world is about to celebrate the decennial of one of the bravest spirits and one of the truest representatives of Anglo-Saxon character in the history of the race. This book, like the other volumes in the series, is keyed to the note of admiration and appreciation rather than of criticism; it could hardly have been otherwise.

Allerlei. Collected and Revised by Agnes Fahsel. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 74 pages.

Autobiography of a Journalist (The). By William James Stillman. 2 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 6×8¾ in. $6.

Readers of biography, especially of literary biography, will turn the pages of Mr. W. J. Stillman's two volumes with unusual interest and satisfaction. The title which Mr. Stillman has chosen is, as he points out in his preface, not entirely accurate, because he has been quite as much artist, traveler, essayist, political diplomatist, and revolutionist, as journalist. But while his life has been a very varied one, and especially a very active one, and one connected with some of the most far-reaching political events of the nineteenth century, it has never lost the refinement and cultivation of a man of the highest artistic

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and literary temperament. With the modesty which one would expect from a man of such a temperament, Mr. Stillman apologizes for the two portraits of himself which may be said with truthfulness to adorn the two volumes. The apology, however, is unnecessary, for the reading public does not often have an opportunity to make the pathetic and instructive comparison between youth and old age afforded by these two charming pictures. The good taste in which his publishers have issued his biography must be gratifying to Mr. Stillman, as it is to every lover of books which bear the dress and appearance of good breeding.

Clayton Halowell. By Francis W. van Praag. Illustrated. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 304 pages. $1.50.

China: Travels and Investigations in the "Middle Kingdom," with an Account of the Boxer War. By James Harrison Wilson, A.M., LL.D. (Third Edition, Revised, Enlarged, and Reset.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 429 pages. $1.75.

The third edition of General Wilson's "China" is really a new book, so extensive is the addition made to his former work by the capital account of the Boxer War, the relief of the Peking Legations, and the re-establishment of peace. The publication of this enlarged and valuable volume is particularly timely in view of the questions increasingly in evidence regarding the indemnity to be paid by China to the Powers. In no book with which we are acquainted is there a better statement of the sources of Chinese revenue. These are five—(1) the land tax, (2) the salt monopoly, (3) the *likin*, or transit dues collected on inland commerce, (4) the maritime customs, and (5) finally, the money accruing from the sale of official rank and titles, from assessments, subscriptions, and what are euphemistically called "contributions." With the proper registration of land and with a rigorous system of collection and accountability, nearly four times the present revenue, General Wilson thinks, might be procured from the land alone. As to the salt monopoly, the Chinese Government not only makes profit on the original sale, but taxes the salt at a fixed rate per picul (about a hundred and thirty pounds). The system of administration and accountability is, however, so loose that under a more careful system double the amount of the present revenue might find its way into the Imperial Treasury, without increasing the cost of the commodity to the consumer. The *likin* tax, as is well known, was established so that viceroys, governors, and other mandarins might enrich themselves as much as possible. Only one-tenth of the amount collected on goods in transit at these internal custom-houses really reaches the Imperial treasury. Of course such a tax retards internal trade, and ought to be abolished. The duty on maritime imports is five per cent., and is collected by a corps of officials representing nearly all nationalities. Under the honest and energetic management of Sir Robert Hart, not only has no money been lost, but the annual receipts have been increased by nearly five times. General Wilson thinks that, by the adoption of necessary administrative reforms, the yearly expenses of the Chinese Government could be kept at about fifty million dollars in gold, leaving double that amount annually with which to pay interest on foreign loans and indemnities.

Choirs and Choral Music. By Arthur Mees. With Portraits. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4¾×7½ in. 251 pages. $1.25.

This is the fourth volume of the very excellent "Music Lover's Library," which we hope is meeting with the approval and support it deserves at the hands of music lovers in this country. Mr. Arthur Mees, the author of the present volume, is a well-known choral conductor. He is now musical director of the widely known Mendelssohn Glee Club, of this city. He gives a brief and interesting history of the rise and development of choral music; some critical but sympathetic studies of the great composers in this department of music; and incidentally a descriptive list of the finest choral works. The book is written in a calm and well-balanced spirit that is not always

[illegible] Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 299 pages. $1.50.

The author of this readable record of sea life has been cabin-boy, ordinary seaman, and man-'o-war's-man, and the stories which he relates bear the stamp of actuality. It is a real contribution to the literature describing the life of the common sailor, and deserves a place alongside Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" and Bullen's "Log of a Sea Waif," although it has not and does not profess to have the charm and literary finish of those volumes.

Every Living Creature. Character-Building Thought Power. The Greatest Thing Ever Known. (The Life Booklets.) By Ralph Waldo Trine. (New Edition.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4×6¾ in. 35c. per volume.

In the third of these little books the theoretical side of a profound truth is presented; in the other two some of its practical applications. This truth is one in which biological science supports the theological doctrine of the immanence of God. The so-called "New Thought Movement" does well in making this its cardinal doctrine. Our criticism of it, as it appears in Mr. Trine's presentation, notes these two points: (1) In making thought "the substance

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of life" a wrong impression is given, if care is not taken to emphasize the volitional element of it, as the popular conception of "thought" does not. (2) The difference between the human and the divine needs to be as strongly affirmed as the identity, else the transcendence of God is lost in his immanence. Such expressions as "man is a part of God" are unwarrantable; God's being is not constituted of parts.

French Revolution (The): A Sketch. By Shailer Mathews, A.M. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 297 pages. $1.25.

This gives, as its title indicates, "a sketch" of the French Revolution. We do not recall any volume in which this dramatic episode in human history is so well given, with so clear an indication of its causes and so philosophical an analysis of its spirit. We should, indeed, interpret Voltaire somewhat differently, and Robespierre was not, in our judgment, so simple a character as Professor Mathews makes him; but these are points on which different students of that strange time will necessarily differ. In the main we agree with his comprehension of an epoch which he shows to be a natural effect of causes long at work in the unhappy land of France, and we cordially commend his volume as one which, without adding to the knowledge of the historical scholar, gives to the reader, in a very clear style and in a very compact form, the facts as modern scholarship has ascertained them, and the interpretation of the facts which modern philosophy accepts.

Government of Minnesota (The): Its History and Administration. By Frank L. McVey, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 236 pages.

No volume has been brought to our attention which gives so clear an idea of the State and local government of any American commonwealth. Not only is it an admirable text-book in civil government for the schools of Minnesota, but it is a work of exceptional interest to students of political affairs in all parts of the country. There is probably no field of historical study that is at once so important and so neglected as State constitutional history, and, if we except Schouler's "Constitutional Studies, State and Federal," there is perhaps no volume which throws so much light upon the general development of our State constitutions as Professor McVey's lucid account of the constitutional development of Minnesota. It sets a high standard for the series of "Handbooks of American Government," of which it is the initial volume.

Greek Sculpture: A Collection of Sixteen Pictures of Greek Marbles. Introduction and Interpretation by Estelle M. Hurll. (The Riverside Art Series.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8¼ in. 97 pages. 75c.

Sixteen pictures of Greek marbles with their interpretation make one of the best of little books on sculpture. In her explanations the author does wisely to draw freely from the Iliad and Odyssey and the Homeric poems and from Ovid's "Metamorphoses." Her pictures of Greek works of sculpture include, in portraiture, the bust of Pericles at London, and the statue of Sophocles in the Lateran Museum at Rome; in bas-reliefs, the Orpheus and Eurydice (Rome, Albani) and a panel from the Parthenon at Athens; in genre studies, the Discobolus and the Apoxyomenos, both in Rome, the one at the Lancelotti Palace, the other at the Vatican. The text is simple, clear, and concise, well adapted for readers of all ages.

Health and a Day. By Lewis G. Janes, M.A. James H. West Co., Boston. 7½×4½ in. 185 pages. $1.

This little book is a tonic for both sick and well. One can scarcely pick out a single chapter the reading of which will not prove bracing and helpful. There is no spirit of controversy or of faddism in the suggestions as to health conditions of body and mind; they are pervaded by a gentle spirit that easily wins the reader to confidence in their reasonableness. The book aims, however, at a wider outlook than that which is usually connoted by the word health, and touches on many themes which go to the filling out of a normal and useful life.

Industrial Revolution (The). By Charles Beard. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 105 pages. 40c.

A thoughtful and scholarly review of the industrial revolution of the past century, as seen from the standpoint of a collectivist.

Milly: At Love's Extremes. By Maurice Thompson. Illustrated. The New Amsterdam Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 266 pages. $1.50.

The late Maurice Thompson is only just becoming appreciated at his true worth. In "Milly" we have an interesting phase of life in Alabama, set before us exactly, vividly, sensuously, and pulsating with the charm and color and glow of one who abandons himself to his simplest sensations, and never seeks a cold, analytical, Northern over-complexity. Mr. Thompson's plots are natural ones, and his characters are naturally and incisively drawn. All of his books, from "A Tallahassee Girl" to "Alice of Old Vincennes," deserve to be better known.

Mother Goose's Melodies. (A Book of Nursery Rhymes.) Newly arranged by Charles Welsh. Illustrated. Part I. and II. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 10c. each.

Modern educators, unable to resist the fact that Mother Goose jingles do take hold upon the infantile mind, furnish the reason in saying that they appeal to the "sound-sense," the instinctive feeling for rhythm. Mr. Welsh works out this theory in an interesting way in his preface. The arrangement and classification of the rhymes are original, and there are many pictures made for this edition.

Mount Omi and Beyond: A Record of Travel on the Thibetan Border. By Archibald John Little, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 272 pages. $3.50.

A serious piece of descriptive writing by a man long resident in China who records the result of a long pedestrian journey. At times there is a little too much detail, but as a rule the glimpses of the ways of living in China, race characteristics, possibilities of trade, international problems, primitive religious and social ideas, etc., etc., are readable as well as

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unusual. The author returned impressed with the fact that ninety-nine hundredths of the vast Empire are in an incredibly backward condition, and that any change from their present state can hardly but be for the better. Mr. Little's cure for the present trouble would be for "the allies, with Britain and Japan in the van, to persevere until they have caught the Empress and Prince Tuan and the rest and bring them to trial, and set Kwang-Su or a 'progressive' nominee on the throne—consistently opposing partition meanwhile—then we may hope for the real opening up of the country, with resulting prosperity and peace." The illustrations of the book are largely from photographs by the author, and their subjects are notably well selected.

New Gradatim (A). Edited by M. C. Smart, A.M. Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co., Boston. 5×7 in. 157 pages. 50c.

Oratory: Its Requirements and its Rewards. By John P. Altgeld. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 4½×6 in. 65 pages. 50c.

Mr. Altgeld's treatment of his subject is that of a man who thoroughly understands its principles and aims, who recognizes the dignity of oratory, and who has made some study of its methods. The book does not reveal the experience or the scientific study of an expert, and it is lacking in practical suggestions in matters of detail. It emphasizes the needs of the orator specifically rather than points out the way in which those needs can be met. It is a sound book, and, barring a little vagueness and at times a little flamboyancy of style, it is an interesting book.

Practice of Immortality (The). By Washington Gladden. The McClelland Press, Columbus, Ohio. 4½×5¾ in. 30 pages.

This little book would make a very apt Easter gift. Its title is borrowed from Brother Lawrence's phrase, "The practice of the presence of God." It is a carrying out of the suggestion of Aristotle, "Live as nearly as you can the immortal life." It is based on the same foundation as the first chapter of Dr. Gordon's "An Epoch for Faith," that certain truths are to be assumed, and we are to grow into the conviction of them by acting upon the assumption. The booklet will strengthen the faith of those who possess faith in immortality, and will point out the way to that faith to those who do not possess it.

Proceedings of the New York State Conference of Religion, November, 1900. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 6×9 in. 209 pages. $1.

The importance of this Conference, of which this volume presents a complete and detailed report, has been repeatedly recognized in our columns.

Protection of Native Races Against Intoxicants and Opium. By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts and Misses Mary and Margaret W. Leitch. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 289 pages. 75c.

This volume, despite its flaring cover, is well worth a place in the libraries of serious students of moral problems. It contains the testimony of a great many missionaries, travelers, and government officials respecting the harm brought to the weaker races by the traders under the protection of the great Christian powers. All this testimony is directly against the theory that commerce opens the way for Christianity. In fact, the commerce in opium and intoxicants is held to be the chief removable obstacle to Christianizing work. The author gives his general support to the proposed treaty prohibiting the sale of firearms as well as spirits to the uncivilized races, but makes no argument in favor of the clause that would deprive these races of the means of self-defense.

Puritan and Anglican Studies in Literature. By Edward Dowden, LL.D., Hon. D.C.L. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 341 pages. $2.

A broad, luminous study of the Puritan influence upon and expression through English literature, presenting the subject in a general way in a preliminary chapter, and illustrating the operation of the Puritan spirit in the works of Sir Thomas Browne, Richard Hooker, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Baxter, John Bunyan, Samuel Butler, and the two Anglo-Catholic poets, Vaughan and Herbert, with a concluding chapter tracing the transition to the eighteenth century. Professor Dowden's view of Puritanism is both critical and sympathetic—the view of a scholar and a thinker who recognizes the strong ethical passion expressed by Puritanism and the nobility of its underlying conceptions of God and the place and power of the individual soul, but who discerns also with equal clearness the schism which it introduced into thought, its rejection of symbolism, and its unfriendliness to art in all forms. The volume is written in Professor Dowden's broad, interesting style, and is full of insight and wisdom.

Rise of the Swiss Republic (The). By W. D. McCrackan, M.A. (Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged.) Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5½×9¼ in. 423 pages.

A fascinating story to all liberty loving people. The author's philosophical introduction may create the fear that his history will deal chiefly with the conflict of ideas, but the reader does not progress far before he discovers that the author is too good a philosopher not to recognize that great struggles have never been over intellectual abstractions. With rare insight, he keeps constantly in view the ideals and aspirations which inspired the struggles, and thus his narrative reveals the very heart of Swiss history. Apart from England, there is no other country besides our own whose history ought so much to be a part of the intellectual equipment of every educated American as that of Switzerland. Mr. McCrackan's book is perhaps too full of quickening references to unsettled American problems to make it adapted for use as a text-book, but the light that it throws on these problems greatly adds to its interest to all thoughtful readers. The concluding chapters deal with contemporary institutions in Switzerland, comparing them with those of our own country. The sharpest contrast between the constitutions of the two countries seems to lie in the fact that in Switzerland as in England national sovereignty rests in the Federal Legislature, and therefore the duty of the Federal court is limited to applying the laws to particular cases without any power to question their constitutionality.

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Romance of a Trained Nurse (The). By Francina Scott. Illustrated. Cooke & Fry, New York. 5×7½ in. 315 pages.

The thousands of professional nurses and the tens of thousands of their friends will be apt to take an interest in a novel having such a title as has this book. While Mrs. Scott gives evidence of some knowledge of her subject, the story has not as much atmosphere of the nursing profession as one might wish; as to the rest, hers is an uninteresting tale about commonplace people.

Sack of Shakings (A). By Frank T. Bullen, F.R.G.S. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 389 pages. $1.50.

An odd but apt title. "Shakings" are odds and ends of rope, canvas, and the like, the perquisite of a mate in the old days. Mr. Bullen has been mate in all sorts of ships, and has acquired a full sack of bits of sea life. As all readers of "The Cruise of the 'Cachalot'" know, he has vivid perception of the beauties and the terrors of the sea, and also an individual style. Here he touches all sorts of curious and interesting phases of life on and under the sea. "An Orphan," the biography of a whale, "The Floor of the Sea," "Shakespeare and the Sea," and "Ocean Winds," are titles which may give an idea of the variety of topics treated. The book is thoroughly enjoyable, an excellent volume for all sea-lovers to pick up for five minutes at a time.

Selections from Dante's Divina Commedia. Chosen, Translated, and Annotated by Richard James Cross. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 225 pages. $2.

In his very modest preface the author of these translations informs his readers that it has been his object to make a selection of passages which appear to breathe more of the modern than of the mediæval spirit, and for which, therefore, a satisfactory English equivalent might more readily be found. He has selected from the three parts of the "Divine Comedy" passages which seem to him of the widest general and the profoundest spiritual interest, and has translated them into prose, forming a book of moderate compass, very attractively printed and tastefully bound in white vellum with gilt decorations and red lines.

Shakespeare (The Chiswick): Julius Cæsar. King Henry IV. Part I. Introduction and Notes by John Dennis. Illustrations by Byam Shaw. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 35c. each.

Further additions to the very tasteful and convenient Chiswick Shakespeare, with introductions and notes by John Dennis, and illustrated by Mr. Shaw.

Short Introduction to the Literature of the Bible (The). By Richard G. Moulton, M.A., Ph.D. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 374 pages. $1.

Reserved for later notice.

Soldier of Virginia (A). By Burton Egbert Stevenson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. $1.50.

Remarkable less as a story than as a dramatic and graphic description of the ill-fated Braddock campaign against the French and Indians. Washington and Braddock both stand out distinctly as human figures. The element of romance is not wanting. One feels that the rather slight tale might well have been built up into a substantial historical novel.

Some Ill-Used Words. By Alfred Ayres. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×6¼ in. 242 pages. $1.

Mr. Ayres is the author of several well-known handbooks on the use of English. Among other things, he gives here the best distinctions for the use of "which" and "that" and "will" and "shall" with which we are acquainted, and enforces his rules with many well-chosen examples. In some of his dicta against words originally questionable, but now reasonably supported by usage, a little more flexibility would have done no harm. But the time will probably never come when we shall all agree on all points of verbal usage.

Some Practical Studies in the History and Biography of the Old Testament. (Genesis to Deuteronomy.) By George Hague. Introduction by the Very Rev. Dean Carmichael. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¾×9 in. 546 pages.

The Very Rev. James Carmichael, Dean of Montreal, certifies in the preface to this volume that its author, Mr. George Hague, a well-known Canadian banker, "is fully abreast of the times, and capable of speaking with authority as a well-read man." It is therefore with astonishment that we find him asserting that the human race was created but six thousand years ago, that the Genesis stories of the creation of woman and the origin of diverse languages are veritable history, and making other similar statements. Regretting that religious men still persist in futile and mischievous quarrels with science, we are rather more sorry for the Dean than for the banker.

Songs of the Seasons; Songs of Home and Pleasure; Songs of Nature; Songs for Morning, Evening, and Night. Selected and edited by Carl Betz. The American Book Co., New York. 7½×9¼ in.

Spanish Grammar (A). By Samuel Garner, Ph.D. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 415 pages. $1.25.

This is a good working grammar. It has one advantage over Ollendorf and others, in containing some extracts from contemporary Spanish for the student's reading. Admiral Cervera's report of the battle of Santiago, for instance, will arouse interest on the part of every reader.

Stories from McClure's. II.—The Railroad. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 182 pages. 50c.

Mr. Spearman, with whose work our readers are familiar, Mr. E. E. Peake, Mr. James A. Hill, Mr. F. B. Tracy, and Mr. W. M. Raine are the authors of these crisply written and energetic tales of railway adventure and work. The stories are among the very best of their class.

Stranger (The). By Mattie Balch Loring. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 30 pages. $1.

Street Dust and Other Stories. By Ouida. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 248 pages. $1.50.

Tales of Italian peasant life and superstitions, mostly cruel in their presentation of pain and tragedy, yet far closer to true feeling than the author's elaborate novels of society.

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"Gerry's Garden" is a pretty story of child life.

Transition Period of California, 1846–1850. By Samuel H. Willey, D.D. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. 5×7¾ in. 160 pages.

Up from Slavery: An Autobiography. By Booker T. Washington. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 330 pages.

No series of articles has ever appeared in The Outlook which has awakened wider interest than the chapters of autobiography prepared by Mr. Booker T. Washington, and now issued in their complete form in this volume. These chapters constitute one of the most remarkable personal histories which has yet appeared on this continent; a text-book of American opportunity and civilization, notable for deep human interest, for the dramatic quality that attaches to a career which starts at the bottom and reaches a great height of usefulness and influence, and which illustrates at every stage the qualities of character that make such a career possible. This volume is unique in American literature.

What a Man of Forty-five Ought to Know. By Sylvanus Stall, D.D. The Vir Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7 in. 284 pages. $1.

William Pitt (Earl of Chatham) and the Growth and Division of the British Empire, 1708–1778. By Walford Davis Green, M.P. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 391 pages. $1.50.

In Macaulay's Essays we have a spirited account of Lord Chatham's career, and in Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century" there is a good sketch of Chatham's life, but, until the present volume, we have had no adequate biography. This want is now fairly well filled. It has been a serious lack, for the closing years of Chatham's life, ending 1778, are full of interest and significance in their bearing not only upon English but especially upon American history.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

In your issue of February 23 last you comment freely on the anti-clerical demonstrations in Spain, and mention as one of the contributory causes the vast amount of clerical property which in said country is exempt from taxation. May I be permitted to inquire as to how The Outlook stands on the question of taxing church property in the United States? Though not a Christian, I am sufficiently liberal to subscribe for your paper, and appreciate reading most of the articles. However, as you suggest a remedy for one of Spain's economic ills, how would it hurt to apply some of the same medicine to the United States? Yours for fair play,

WALTER BREEN.

Taxation should primarily be levied on property for private use, and if such property is not sufficient to meet the revenues of government, then on incomes derived from industry. Where men combine to give property for the benefit of the State, in our opinion the State should not tax them. For this reason we would not tax property in actual use by hospitals, colleges, or churches, provided the property is actually in use for educational, philanthropic, or religious purposes. All property not so used, or possibly all property in the hands of any one corporation beyond a certain specific amount, we would tax, in order that the exemption from taxation might not be made use of for selfish and unworthy purposes.

1. Kindly give me a list of books bearing on the general subject of "What Christianity has Accomplished." For instance, for art, the family, philanthropy, the State, literature, etc. 2. What is your conception of "a lost soul," as it is usually expressed?

W. M. J.

1. C. L. Brace's "Gesta Christi" and Dr. Storrs's "Divine Origin of Christianity Shown by its Historical Results." 2. That such are of two sorts, the recoverable and the irrecoverable. We conceive of the first as in privation and suffering while working off the consequences of sin. Of the second we have no definite conception; their case is impenetrably veiled.

Can you suggest two or three books or articles which will give accounts of the creation such as the best men of science would accept? J. G. M.

"The creation" includes both inanimate and animated nature. For the creation of the earth and the heavens, or what is scientifically termed cosmogony, a dozen pages in Professor Todd's "Stars and Telescopes" (Little, Brown & Co., Boston) may suffice. This is accompanied with a bibliography on the subject. Consult Professor See's article in the "Atlantic Monthly" for 1897. For the creation of living things, including man, see Professor Campbell's lectures on the "Evolution of Plants" (The Macmillan Company, New York), Professor Conn's "Method of Evolution" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), and Professor Le Conte's "Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought" (D. Appleton & Co.).

In a recent sermon in a Northfield pulpit the following statement was made: that it is a fundamental principle of the Higher Criticism to cast all the supernatural out of the Bible. Will you kindly tell me whether this is true? I had not so understood the method and principles of the Higher Criticism; but have nothing at hand with which to either verify or refute the statement. H.

It is not true. There are some critics, as there are some evolutionists, who wholly discard the idea of the supernatural. But there are also many who do not. They hold, however, a different conception of it from those who mistakenly say they reject it. They regard nature as animated throughout by the supernatural as its indwelling life, instead of being visited by it from above in occasional interpositions.

What books would you recommend on the religious training of children? H. G. N.

Dr. Bushnell's classic volume on "Christian Nurture" contains more wisdom on this subject than any other that we know. The main thing is the unstudied effectiveness of being truly and thoroughly religious one's self.

"W. H. H." asks for the author of the poem containing the lines, "O for the grasp of a friendly hand," and "I'd rather live in Bohemia than any other land." The author is John Boyle O'Reilly, and the poem is called "In Bohemia." I should be glad if any one can tell me the author of a little poem called "Ox-eye Daisies." It begins:

"Sweet tangled banks where ox-eye daisies grow
And scarlet poppies gleam,
Sweet changing lights that ever come and go
Upon my quiet stream" G.P.

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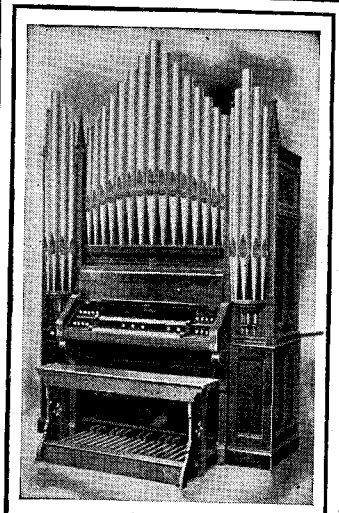

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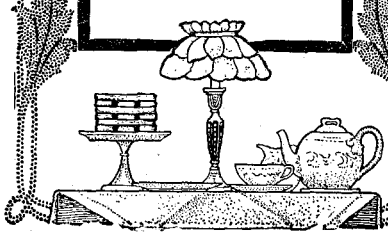

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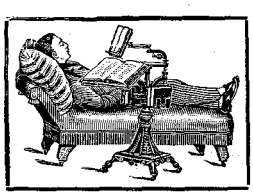

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* *Care of property for non-residents a specialty* *

TEN PER CENT. INVESTMENTS IN *IMPROVED* CENTRALLY LOCATED
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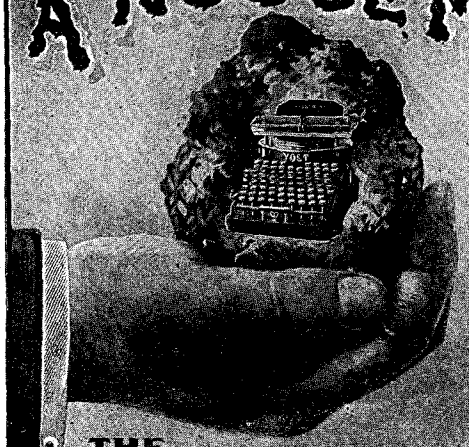

THE YOST TYPEWRITER IS AS "GOOD AS GOLD."

IT IS SIMPLE, DURABLE, RELIABLE AND DOES THE FINEST WORK.

YOST WRITING MACHINE CO.
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6% per annum clear of taxes or other expense; every dollar secured by

First Farm Mortgages

worth three times the amount of the loan. Guaranteed titles; personal examination of all securities. 17 years' successful experience without the loss of a dollar to our clients. Write for particulars and list of loans.

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KANSAS LANDS

If you have Kansas lands write at once giving full information. We have many purchasers wanting land and can doubtless sell yours. Cash paid for defaulted mortgages. Choice, well selected real estate loans for sale. Twenty-five years' experience. Highest references.

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SIX ¼ PER CENT. NET.

Corporation Water Works first mortgage bonds; old established plant; coupons payable Feb. and Aug. at the Trust Company of America, 149 Broadway, New York City. Will sell a few thousand to net the buyer six ¼ per cent. W. E. PEDRICK, 52 Broadway, N. Y.

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We can sell any piece of property here at its full market value. If you desire to sell, kindly write us.

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332 Broadway, New York, sell all makes under hair price. Don't buy before writing them for unprejudiced advice and prices. Exchanges. Immense stock for selection. Shipped for trial. Guaranteed first class. Dealers supplied. 52-page illustrated catalogue free.

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Choice Evergreens, Shrubs, Roses, Hardy Azaleas, Rhododendrons, Foreign Vines, best Fruits, etc. Low Prices. New Catalogue ready.

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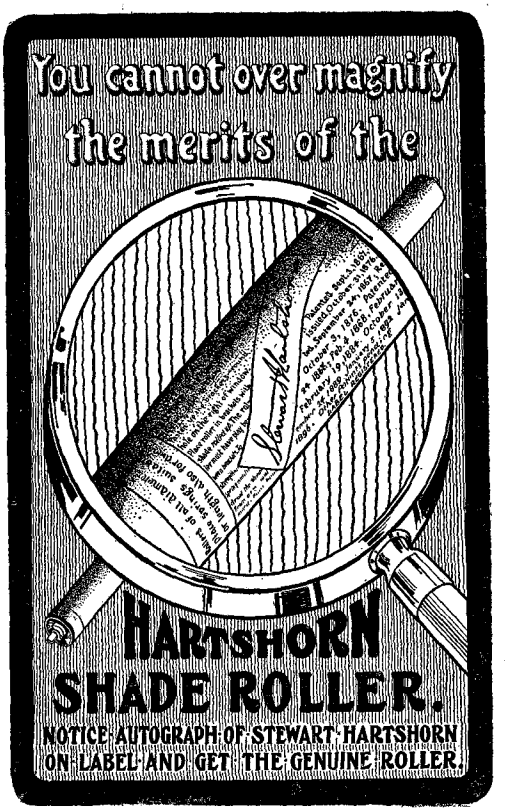


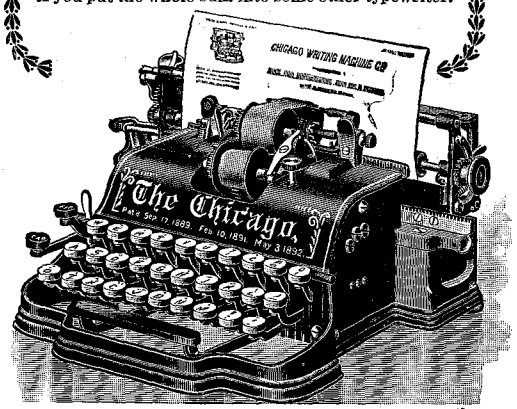
If you must part with $100

WHEN BUYING A WRITING MACHINE PAY

$35 for "The Chicago"

AND GIVE $65.00 AWAY.

You will be **better satisfied** with your investment than if you put the whole sum into some other typewriter.



It is not only in price that "The Chicago" excels, this typewriter is constructed on the soundest and most ingenious mechanical principles, made of the best material and built by the most skilled, high-class workmen; it represents up-to-date methods applied to the manufacturing and placing on the market of a typewriter and shows how much of the $100 charged for other typewriters goes to profit and waste. Catalogue and full information furnished on application.

CHICAGO WRITING MACHINE CO.,
94-96 Wendell St., Chicago, U. S. A.

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San Luis Mining Company

27 William Street, New York

Owner of all the capital stock of the LUCIA MINING COMPANY, which owns the well-known, extensive, and very rich SAN LUIS, LA TRINIDAD, and LA POTOSINA groups of copper, silver, gold and lead mines, near the City of Durango, in the State of Durango, Republic of Mexico.

Capital Stock, $1,000,000

FULL-PAID AND NON-ASSESSABLE

100,000 Shares, Par Value $10. 35,000 Shares in the Treasury

Endorsed and recommended by the eminent Metallurgist

Prof. GEORGE A. TREADWELL

The mines are already opened and developed ready to produce, and the reduction plant is nearly completed.

The proceeds of the stock now offered for sale will be used for the further development of the property, to complete and enlarge the reduction plant and furnish adequate working capital.

Within the last few years Professor Treadwell—the old-time friend and confidant of the late Professors James D. Dana and Benjamin Silliman of Yale—has been prominently connected with four great copper properties.

1. **The United Verde Copper Company,** to which he was the first to call public attention.
The stock of this company originally sold for $1 a share, and now pays $1.50 a share a month dividends, and sells for $300 a share.

2. **The Greene Consolidated Copper Company,** which was floated upon his recommendation.
This sold one year ago at $5 a share, is selling now for $25 a share, and the company is promising the payment of liberal dividends at an early date.

3. **The Copete Mining Company,** for which he stands sponsor.
This sold six months ago at $5 a share, now sells at $10, and is constantly advancing in price. This, too, is getting ready to pay very satisfactory dividends.

4. **The San Luis Mining Company**—the last, and, some people think, the best of Professor Treadwell's mines.
A limited amount of this stock is now offered at $10 a share up to April 15th, after which the price will be $12.50 a share until further advanced. Dividends are to be expected on this within the present year.

Many people who bought the United Verde ten years ago at $1 a share, or the Greene Consolidated a year ago, or the Copete six months ago at $5, and are now realizing from twice to three hundred times the amount of their original investment, believe that the San Luis is as cheap at $10 or $12.50 a share now as the other stocks were when they were first put upon the market.

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